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SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

LADY CURZON LEAVING THE PALACE DAMAGED BY EARTHQUAKE.

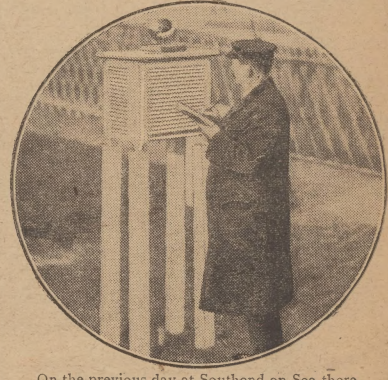


A mass of masonry, weighing several tons, fell from a chimney of the Viceregal Lodge at Simla during the great Indian earthquake, and crashing through the roof fell into the room above that in which Lady Curzon was sleeping. Our photograph shows Lady Curzon leaving the Lodge for a drive, Lord Curzon appearing on the extreme right. —(Underwood and Underwood.)

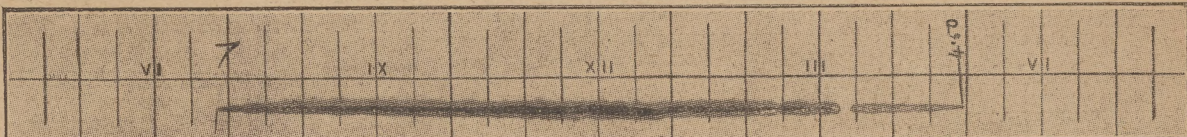
THE ENGLISH SPRING—ELEVEN HOURS' SUNSHINE AND FALLS OF SNOW IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.



The recent vagaries of the spring weather are strikingly illustrated by this and the accompanying photographs. Early yesterday morning there was a fall of snow in London, this winter-like scene being witnessed in St. James's Park. Heavy falls of snow have also been reported from Scotland and the north of England and Wales.



On the previous day at Southend-on-Sea there was, with only five minutes' interval, sunshine from 7 a.m. until past 6 p.m. Inspector Lee is seen taking the sunshine record.



Southend's record of bright sunshine. The rays of the sun were focussed upon this strip of cardboard by the instrument shown in the smaller photograph above, and burnt it away for ten hours, the longer lines marking each hour.

SCENES AT ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

M.P.s Beguile 19 Hours' Vigil with Patriotic Songs.

PREMIER'S STAMINA.

Mr. Balfour Fresh at the End of a Dreadful Ordeal.

Nineteen and a quarter hours on the Parliamentary treadmill.

This dreadful ordeal was cheerfully endured by a great mob of men, many of middle age, in the House of Commons from two o'clock on Thursday till a quarter past nine yesterday morning.

It was the result of a fierce and desperate attempt on the part of the militant Radicals to harass and, if possible, end the life of the present Government.

The subject of debate was the Army Annual Bill, which could not be debated until after twelve o'clock midnight.

Mr. Lloyd-George, Major Seely, and Mr. McKenna led the fray from the Opposition side of the House, although the Irish members took a prominent part in the protracted proceedings.

During many of the divisions songs were indulged in with choruses that reminded one rather of a smoking concert than a serious legislative assembly.

Mr. William Abraham ("Mabon") could be heard singing "The Merry Men of Harlech," the Nationalists indulged in "The Boys of Wexford," and Mr. Landon, a grave-featured and venerable-looking Irishman, delighted Celts and Saxons with the stirring Irish melody, "Who Fears To Speak of '98?" in the Irish tongue.

THE GUILLOTINE FALLS.

At two the guillotine fell; half an hour later the closure was applied, and soon three o'clock boomed from Big Ben.

Members dozed on the benches and slept in the smoke-room. A couple of Irishmen started the "bloys" with terrific snores.

"Sorry," complained the grave-visaged Mr. O'Mara, after one division, "I unfortunately got into the wrong lobby." (Boisterous merriment.) "I was deep in the Army Act, when all the people crowding behind me crushed me into it."

At five o'clock the Premier, still wonderfully fresh, peeped in and out of the Chamber.

While the division bells were ringing for another test, an exhausted son of the "injured counsels" remained behind. He had fallen asleep on the Irish benches, and was beginning to talk!

"Order, order," said the Chairman gravely, to the amusement of the "Gallery."

"Buck up," said the Whip, as he proceeded to shake the sleeper. At first the exhausted Nationalist seemed inclined to offer a little physical resistance, but his consciousness returned, and he blinked, and smiled, and blundered into the Lobby.

So the weary hours crept by until nine o'clock arrived, when the clauses and schedules were agreed to, and the cry of "Who goes home?" resounded through the Lobbies.

During the seventeen divisions the Government majority was not below 35, and as high as 56. During the night the refreshment department had an exceedingly busy time, devilled bones being the favourite dish of the hungry legislators.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Mr. Chamberlain Will Support Premier Till Budget—"After That the Deluge."

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—Mr. Chamberlain was again down at the House to-day, buzzing about among his friends, and showing his determination to be much more in evidence than he has been recently.

Much curiosity is evinced to know the terms of the arrangement arrived at between the right hon. gentleman and Mr. Balfour as to the remainder of the session, but my forecast as to Mr. Chamberlain supporting Mr. Balfour until after the Budget will turn out to be correct. After that, the dissolution.

One of the oldest of barely annuals—the Deceased Wife's Sisters' Bill—passed its second reading again to-day, but the outlook for its becoming law is as remote as it was ten years ago.

It is semi-officially announced to-night that Mr. Gerald Lonsdale will resign his post as Junior Lord of the Treasury, but will not attempt to discharge the duties of Whip.

GERMAN-MOROCCAN TREATY.

Rumours of a special German mission to Fez to arrange a commercial treaty between Morocco and Germany are, according to Reuter, prevalent in Tangier.

A draft treaty containing Germany's terms is said to be on its way to Fez.

400 BRITISH SOLDIERS ENGULFED.

Terrible Disaster at Ill-Fated Indian Hill Station—Demented Survivors.

NEWS OF FRESH EARTHQUAKE CALAMITIES.

The most calamitous news in regard to the great earthquake in India continues to come from Dharmasala, in the Lahore district, where 80 per cent. of the inhabitants were killed.

From this town the most terrible news was received yesterday by the Exchange Telegraph Company.

No fewer (so runs the message) than 400 men of the 7th Gurkha Regiment, and twenty men of the 1st Battalion and fifty men of the 2nd Battalion of the 1st Gurkha Regiment were buried alive, with no possible chance of their being rescued.

This catastrophe is attributed by Reuter to the collapse of the stone barracks, and there is a grave fear that many gallant European officers have perished.

The complete list of British people killed at Dharmasala, so far as can be ascertained, is as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Captain Clay. | Mr. T. Millar. |
| Mrs. Homan's two children. | Mr. F. Farley (Public Works Dept.). |
| Mrs. Holderness. | Mrs. Holderness. |
| Major Lane's child. | Captain Muscroft (1st Chukras). |
| Mrs. Robinson. | Mrs. Wichegne, bandmaster's wife. |
| Mrs. Robinson's two children. | Mrs. Cooper, a nurse. |
| Mr. C. W. Loxton, I.C.S. | The entire family of Mr. F. M. Levi (Revenue Dept.). |
| Mr. F. M. Levi (Revenue Dept.). | Mr. C. T. Young. |

The following are believed to have been killed:—Mrs. Newton and another lady living at Orange Cross; Mr. Alexander, a clerk, and his whole family, who are buried in the ruins of their house.

Mr. De Puy himself has been crippled for life. Colonel Robinson, Captain Wall, Mrs. Loxton, Mr. Richardson (the Superintendent of Post Offices), and Mr. Browne (the postmaster) have been seriously injured, while Lieutenant E. Johnston is mentioned as injured.

Majors Hatch, Heber, and Earle, Lieutenants Evans, Duff, Holderness (who lost his wife), and Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. Battye, Mrs. Lane, and Miss Perkins are reported safe.

It is utterly impossible as yet to calculate the native mortality.

TOUCHING INCIDENTS.

Some extremely pathetic details are supplied by the Exchange Telegraph Company in regard to those who perished at Dharmasala.

Mr. Loxton, the District Judge, had only arrived at the place on the day before the disaster.

Mr. Levi, a native of Birmingham, who was one of the ablest officers in the service and entered upon his duties after a most distinguished scholastic career, was about to proceed home on a six months' holiday in this country after an absence of about five years.

On the other hand, Captain Muscroft had only just returned from furlough.

Mr. Farley, a native of Tiverton, was entitled to a pension in a short time, and his wife and two children are at present visiting some friends in Cornwall.

Some of the survivors of Dharmasala have arrived at Lahore, but they are in such a state of mental collapse and terror that it is practically impossible to obtain from them a coherent account of what really happened.

Disjointed scraps of their conversation, however, suggest the awful suddenness of the visitation. So swift was the wreckage that many had no time to rush out of their houses, and some were actually overwhelmed on their thresholds.

Only one house, said one who escaped, is now

standing, and the solidly-built new Court House, which is but twelve feet high, was absolutely swallowed up.

Even now it is probable that we have not learned all the tragic truth concerning Dharmasala.

Not only has the telegraphic service been completely destroyed, but the road to the place, which is a mere cut, or shelf, on the mountain slope, has crumbled away, and one of the bridges of the river has collapsed.

It was, however, hoped that telegraphic communication would be restored last night.

Much indignation is felt at the reticence of the Indian authorities in the face of the pitiful appeals for information from anxious friends. This is believed to be due to the Secret Act passed in 1889, in face of strong opposition from the Press.

VALLEY OF DEATH.

British Missionaries Amongst the Victims at Kangra.

Alarming news is to hand that the Kangra Valley has been devastated, and that the town of Kangra, which is a municipality of 5,000 inhabitants, and was formerly capital of the Katoh State, has been reduced to ruins.

If this be true, the loss of life at this place alone must have been enormous.

The most definite news in regard to this district was received in London yesterday by the Church Missionary Society, who were informed of the deaths of the Rev. H. F. Rowlands, Mrs. Daeuble, and Miss Lorbeer, at the Kangra Mission House.

Mr. Rowlands was the son of the Rev. W. E. Rowlands, vicar of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. He went to India in 1885.

Mrs. Daeuble was an old lady, whose husband died some years ago. She had been actively engaged in mission work since 1868.

Miss Lorbeer was a German lady and a member of the Berlin Ladies' Society. She went out a few years ago.

Dr. Sutton and his family are reported to the society as safe, but there is no news of the Rev. J. Tunbridge.

Not a single house remains in either of the towns of Palampur and Sialkot.

THE KING'S MESSAGE.

His Majesty and the Prince of Wales Cable Their Sympathy to the Sufferers.

The Secretary of State for India has dispatched the following telegram to the Viceroy:—

"His Majesty the King-Emperor desires me to express to your Excellency his profound concern at the news of the calamity which has befallen Lahore and surrounding district, and his earnest sympathy with those who have suffered bereavement or other losses.

"He has confidence that all possible relief will be promptly afforded."

The Prince of Wales has telegraphed to the Viceroy as follows:—"Princess and I heartily sympathise with all who have suffered from appalling earthquake and with your anxiety for Lady Curzon's safety.—GEORGE."

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

By collision at Las Palmas with the Elder Dempster liner Bakana a Spanish schooner was sunk yesterday.

Sir John Shear, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon, and at one time unsuccessful Liberal candidate for Tiverton, died yesterday at Exmouth, aged eighty-one years.

The nine-year-old son of Mrs. Ella G. Hull, of Chicago, gave his mother away on the occasion of her wedding in New York to Mr. Henry H. Fuller, of that city.

Berlin society has been astounded by the marriage with Fraulein Rita Leon, an actress, of Baron von Radowitz, nephew of the German Ambassador in Madrid.

Mr. Alec Gordon, an Englishman, said to belong to a good family, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment at Minneapolis, U.S.A., for sending a threatening letter to President Roosevelt.

A French telegram from Athens states that Prince George of Greece having stipulated that the insurgents in Crete must lay down their arms in twenty-four hours, the insurgents retaliated by giving the Prince thirty-six hours to give up his functions as High Commissioner.

THE QUEEN'S HATRED OF WAR.

Interesting Statement in a Reported Interview with Her Majesty.

THE KING IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Friday.—The Royalist journal, the "Gaulois," announces that a gentleman who is one of its contributors was received yesterday by Queen Alexandra, who is stated to have spoken to him in the following terms:—

"I never talk of politics. Queens have to train up their children to occupy exalted positions, always full of difficulties, to relieve the unfortunate and the miserable. It is the best and sweetest of rôles, and I have no thought of playing any other."

"In the troublous times through which we are passing, we cannot, in truth, fail to be touched by the discontent, sometimes natural, of the masses. Believe me, if the social question can one day be solved, it will be by the virtues practised by women, by mutual love, mutual respect, habits of justice and charity."

"You gentlemen say 'War!'—we women say 'Peace!' peace in every nation and between the nations. Brought up at the Court of a pre-eminently just King, I have, like him, sought only to preach love and charity."

"I have always had a horror of the warlike preparations at which peoples work so indefinitely—material for the terrible conflagration that on earth will bring mourning upon humanity, and in Heaven will grieve the common Father of all men."

"In the environment of Queens everything is factious," said her Majesty later, "Art and Nature are their consolation. It is my delight to sit alone in the evening on a ship's deck, thinking, I am passionately fond of the sea."

"Whether I see it from the deck of a yacht, or from an infinite height embracing both the horizon and the sky, there are hours when the 'Grande Bleue,' as you call it, fills my whole soul, and this conquest of myself by the most unknown leaves me all bewildered on the threshold of a new Fatherland."—Reuter.

THE KING'S CRUISE.

Banquet to Naval Officers Last Night on Board the Royal Yacht.

The King arrived at Marseilles yesterday morning punctually at 9.20, and at once went on board the Victoria and Albert, the Royal Standard being then run up at the main.

His Majesty appeared in good health and excellent spirits. French officials greeted him on the platform in the name of the Republic, the King remaining a few moments in conversation with the Prefect.

Queen Alexandra, with Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and the little Prince Alexander, awaited the King on deck in front of the entrance to the main saloon. The King kissed Queen Alexandra and his grandson, and conversed for a few minutes with Sir A. Berkeley Milne and Mr. Gurney, after which he retired to his cabin.

The Victoria and Albert will probably not sail until this morning, says Reuter, the King having decided to await the mail and dispatches from London.

His Majesty gave a dinner last evening on board the yacht to all the superior officers of the cruisers and torpedo-boats which are to form the Victoria and Albert's escort. During the afternoon he took a motor-car drive in the town.

RUSSIANS LOCATED.

300,000 Men Concentrated Eighty Miles North of Mukden.

PARIS, Friday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien" telegraphs that the Russians are exactly half-way between Mukden and Kuangchangste—that is to say, 120 versts (eighty miles) from either town.

General Linievitch has succeeded in concentrating the whole of his army, and has left a sufficient force at Kirin to hold the position against an attack by the Japanese.

A telegram to the "Petit Parisien" from St. Petersburg says: "General Linievitch has formed an army of about 300,000 men. I have been told by a well-informed General that the operations in Manchuria will not be resumed before three weeks."—Reuter.

BALLOON'S VOYAGE IN A GALE.

CALAIS, Friday.—The balloon occupied by MM. Jacques Faure, E. de Kergarion, and René Gasnier which left Folkestone yesterday evening to cross the English Channel, descended all well at three o'clock this morning near Calais. A gale was blowing.—Reuter.

SPRING IN GRIP OF WINTER.

Weather Plays Strange Tricks
with the Calendar.

MANY SNOWSTORMS.

Snow in April, rain in May,
Long will be the summer day.

Though by the calendar spring has been here since March 21, the weather yesterday was decidedly of the wintry variety.

Between five and seven o'clock in the morning, while the workmen's trains were disgorging tens of thousands of early-risen toilers, snow fell steadily in London, spreading a thin white carpet upon the city and suburbs, which the April sunshine and rain melted as soon as it was laid.

At the Humane Society's receiving house in Hyde Park 38deg. of frost was registered in the night.

In Hampstead people at breakfast looked out through the windows at a white picture of snow-flecked trees and snow-covered roofs.

All day in London, save for brief intervals of watery sunshine, rain fell, while the wind blew bitterly cold.

London was not the only victim of wintry weather. Other places fared much worse.

All over the northern counties and Scotland snow fell the greater part of yesterday. In the little town of Moffat, among the Dumfriesshire hills, the laying out of a golf course had to be suspended owing to the storm.

The under-noted table indicates the prevalence of snow:—

| | in. | | in. |
|-------------------------|-----|-------------------------|-----|
| Berwickshire | 3 | King's Lynn | 4 |
| East Lothians | 3 | East Heris | 4 |
| Edinburgh | 2 | West Essex | 4 |
| South of Scotland | 3 | Norfolk | 5 |
| Perth | 2 | North-West Durham | 4 |
| South Shields | 2 | Westmorland | 5 |
| Yorkshire Wolds | 10 | Scarborough | 2 |

Mid-Winter Scenes.

On Ben Nevis snow lies several feet deep, and among the mountains of the Lake District the snowdrifts present an appearance only seen in mid-winter.

The untimely wintry weather has caused much mortality among lambs in the neighbourhood of Scarborough, and flockmasters elsewhere have lost severely.

On the Yorkshire wolds the spring snowstorm is said to have been worse than any experienced during the past winter.

Work at the Tees and Tyne shipyards had to be stopped yesterday, and heavy seas were running on the Northumberland coast. Schooners made for Tynemouth Harbour with tattered sails that told of severe encounters with the gale.

Leicestershire market gardeners and Nottingham fruit farmers are badly hit. Whole fields of spring flowers that had bloomed two days are now blighted by frost and snow.

Gooseberry and pear and plum trees are thrown back weeks, and it is feared that the fruit harvest, which promised well, may now prove a failure. Potato crops are in the now unhappy position.

STORM INCIDENTS.

A labourer named Prentice was found dead in the snow at Leadburn, south of Edinburgh.

Near Liverpool a motor-car was blown over. In the neighbourhood of Pontefract Station the storm stopped a mineral train, after it took an hour and a half to travel its length.

Edward Malby was washed overboard from a Grimsby trawler in the North Sea.

Ice half an inch thick covered the ponds in Richmond, Yorkshire.

There were 9deg. of frost in Perthshire yesterday morning.

A Wolverhampton correspondent describes the snowflakes as being "as big as little pocket-handkerchiefs."

PREYING ON A GIRL.

The Blackburn Recorder yesterday, in sentencing to fifteen months' hard labour an actor named Bertram Sealbrooke, convicted of robbing a girl named Asplen, to whom he had promised a pantomime engagement in London, said he had difficulty in restraining himself from sending prisoner to penal servitude.

It was a despicable thing to induce a girl to leave her home and then prey on her little belongings.

PRINCE OF WALES AND GUY'S.

Lord Revelstoke, at a special court of Guy's Hospital yesterday, read a letter from the Prince of Wales expressing pleasure on his surprise visit last week, and pointing out that there was nothing with which he could take the slightest exception.

It was announced that the first list of donations to the fund of £100,000, now being raised for the hospital, was £33,000.

BID FOR THRONE.

Startling Revelations of Plot in Favour
of Prince Victor Napoleon.

Paris is still excited over the daily discoveries concerning the supposed d'Arny Bonapartist plot to attack the Elysée to make prisoners of President Loubet and his Ministers, and to restore the monarchy.

In addition to the finding of 500 military uniforms and a quantity of cartridges under suspicious circumstances, Reuter gives the statement of the "Echo de Paris" that M. Hamard, chief of the detective service, proceeded to the warehouse of a large manufacturer in the west of Paris, where the 500 rifles of Captain Tamburini, the organiser of the alleged plot, had been stored.

The "Petit Parisien" says: "According to information which we have received, the number of the rifles discovered is not 500, but 1,200."

The names of General de Negrier, a society lady of immense fortune, certain Nationalist deputies, and a well-known Academician, are mentioned in connection with the affair.

Prince Victor Napoleon, in whose favour it is said the plot has been hatched, is a quiet, unassuming man, beneath whose calm exterior rages an almost fierce longing to see himself installed on the throne of his fathers.

He is forty-one years of age, and a nephew of the Empress Eugenie, whom he often visits in this country, of which he is very fond.

Prince Victor resides in a small house in Brussels, and is very popular in that city.

WENT INTO THE WRONG LOBBY.



Mr. O'Mara, M.P., who was prominent during the all-night sitting, accidentally voted in the wrong lobby.—(Russell.)

BOMBARDED WITH STONES.

Religious Factionaries Attack an Irish Quarter
in Liverpool.

Out of the religious feuds between factions of Roman Catholics and ultra-Protestants in Liverpool has arisen what amounts to practically a reign of terror.

On Thursday night riotous scenes took place in Garston, where the Kensingtons have been holding a series of meetings.

Mr. Louis Ewart, one of the Wycliffe preachers, rather than give an undertaking not to hold any further meetings or pay a fine, has elected to go to gaol for a month, and a demonstration was organised to give him a send-off.

After an open-air meeting a body of his supporters marched in procession through a notoriously Irish neighbourhood, and bombarded two beer-houses and many other houses with stones. The inmates shrieked in alarm.

Police dispersed the crowd, but there have not yet been any arrests.

HON. O. BORTHWICK'S WILL.

Estate to the value of over £5,000 was left by the Hon. Oliver Andrew Borthwick, the only son of Lord Glenesk, the proprietor of the "Morning Post."

The bulk of this he left to his sister, the Countess Bathurst, whom he instructed to go through all his papers, destroying any at her discretion. To his father he bequeathed an article of jewellery as a memento.

£630 FOR A BRONZE.

At the sale of the Willett Collection at Christie's yesterday about £3,000 was realised, the most notable item being a bronze relief of Aristophanes, 9in. high, by Peter Fischer, which went for £630.

CARAVAN CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Bullock Wagon Tour Recommended
for the Weak-Lunged.

OPEN-AIR IDEAL.

No longer need the consumptive patient languish in dull sanatoriums, his only amusement sitting and reading in the open air.

A new cure has just been advanced in the "Lancet," and its author is Dr. Walter H. Haw, of Cape Colony. So far the system has only been tried in South Africa, but there is no reason why it should not be adopted, with modifications, in England.

This charming cure is nothing more nor less than a six months' tour by bullock-wagon.

What is Wanted.

To enjoy it all that is necessary is:—

A strong bullock-wagon and oxen.

Two tents.

Paraffin stove.

A cow in milk.

A barrel for boiled water.

Kitchen utensils.

A driver and leader for the oxen.

Advice from an old transport rider.

Lastly, but by no means least, a good cook.

The tent should cover half the body of the wagon, should be rain-proof, and well provided with windows. This half should form the bedroom.

As the pace would not be more than two miles an hour, and there would be frequent "outspans," the cow would easily travel alongside.

The great points in a consumption cure are:—

Fresh and changing air.

Protection from cold winds and rain, and in summer from the heat of the sun.

Regulated rest and exercise.

Absence from disturbing influences.

Good food.

Destruction of bacilli.

All these, particularly the constant change of air (a vital point), can be obtained by this method.

In fine weather the patient would live in the open air; in bad weather in the tents.

As regards diet, milk, vegetables, butter, butcher's meat, fowls, and eggs are easily obtainable.

The cost of hiring wagon, three bullocks, driver, and leader for six months would be about £105.

MALARIA BEATEN.

Splendid Success of a British Doctor in a
Tropical Area.

The quite extraordinary success of Dr. Malcolm Watson, district surgeon, in his conflict at Klang and Port Swettenham, in the Federated Malay States (British), against the deadly malaria which infests the tropics, is the subject of a very interesting letter to the "Times" by Major Ronald Ross, of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine.

Port Swettenham is official, and was opened in September 1902; before the end of the year 118 out of 196 Government servants were attacked with malaria. Klang in 1901 had a population of 3,570; Dr. Watson doubts whether in the last four months of 1900 three houses in 298 escaped.

But energetic measures of drainage were adopted, swamps were filled up, jungle cleared, and a contour drain constructed to intercept incoming springs. The total cost to date has been about £8,500.

The children of the two places have recently been found to be infected in the proportion of only 0.77 per cent.; in the surrounding district the proportion was 34.8.

The following table of days of leave granted to British officers shows the immense improvement in their health:—

| | 1901. | 1902. | 1903. | 1904. |
|-------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Sick certificates | 236 | 40 | 23 | 14 |
| Days of leave | 1,026 | 198 | 73 | 71 |

Dr. Watson adds that no officer has suffered since July, 1904, that is, during the worst malarial season, and his private fever practice has fallen to zero.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Dedicated to the Public Prosecutor, a special number has been issued by the German paper "Simplicissimus," containing a review of all the articles and pictures for which it has been prosecuted.

"WHERE AARON NODS."

Where Moses winks and Aaron nods, And sips the nectar of the Gods, declaimed James Foreman, when charged with drunkenness at Bedlington, Northumberland. The Bench prevented the conclusion of the stanza by inflicting a fine of 7s. 6d.

OUR BOOMING TRADE.

Striking Increases Reported in Great
Britain's Export Business.

In corroboration of the oft-repeated statement in the *Daily Mirror* recently that the trade of the country has been rapidly reviving since the new year, there come to hand convincing figures in a monthly report of the accounts relating to trade and navigation.

The statistics show that during the month of March British exports of home products, amounting to £23,070,823, have increased by £3,519,027 over March, 1904, and by £4,684,587 over March, 1903.

For corresponding periods of three months the figures prove an increase of £6,089,689 over 1904, and £7,881,518 over 1903.

The total sum derived from exports of home produce in the first three months of 1905 is £78,329,663, so that the increase—£6,089,689—represents a filip to trade of more than a twelfth of the whole.

The imports of March, so far as merchandise is concerned, were £48,983,312, showing increases of £291,037 on last year, and £2,066,788 on 1903.

One of the features of the return is that there was a falling-off of £481,000 in food and drink, but a net increase of £447,000 in raw material.

LIVES IN DANGER.

Girls Escape in Night Attire from a Blazing
Building in the Strand.

Nine persons, six of them barmaids, asleep yesterday morning in the Temple Bar Restaurant, opposite the Law Courts, were nearly caught by an outbreak of fire.

The crackle of the approaching flames awakened Miss Young, the cashier, who, with instant forethought, rushed to the other bedrooms and roused the occupants. Then she leaned out of a window and shouted "Fire!"

There was no time to dress, and in night attire all rushed out of the building, which was now burning fiercely.

The whole of the back part was completely destroyed, and Lloyd's Bank and adjoining offices were damaged by water and smoke.

The fusing of electric wires is said to have caused the fire.

SUNDAY SHOPPING.

Evidence on the Sunday Closing Bill Shows
the Enormous Extent of Sabbath Trading.

Eight thousand shops in Manchester and Salford were found open one Sunday morning, stated Mr. J. Kendall, secretary of the Manchester Grocers' Association, before a House of Lords Select Committee yesterday, in reference to the Sunday Closing Bill.

Ten or twenty years ago shopkeepers timidly left the door on the latch for possible Sunday customers; later they opened the door. Now they frankly pull the shutters down.

In one butcher's shop in Manchester six assistants are employed on Sundays, and on one occasion more than fifty customers were counted.

Tradesmen were helpless in the matter, and at a meeting of shopkeepers in Manchester a resolution in favour of compulsory closing had been passed.

To the suggestion that shops should be allowed open up till 9 a.m., Mr. Kendall replied that working people would never get up to do their shopping before that hour.

How general Sunday opening has become is shown by the fact that in Liverpool 4,500 shops were found open one Sunday.

MR. EVAN ROBERTS AT TEA.

Welsh Apostle Enjoys the Hospitality of the
Mayor of Liverpool.

Mr. Evan Roberts yesterday afternoon took tea at the Town Hall with the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. John Lea, who had invited about forty guests to meet him. This is the first civil recognition which has so far been extended to the evangelist.

"I have great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Evan Roberts, a servant of Jesus Christ," was the style adopted by the Rev. John Williams, in introducing him to the Lord Mayor.

Mr. Roberts was all smiles, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the diversion. He was introduced to the Lady Mayoress and to a number of leading citizens and clergymen, including the rector of Liverpool, the Rev. Dr. Watson ("Ian Mac laren"), and the Rev. Dr. Aked.

KING'S GIFT TO RAGGED SCHOOL.

King Edward has sent a cheque for 100 guineas to the secretary of the Ragged School Union towards the £10,000 required for an important extension movement in celebration of the society's diamond jubilee.

IOU SIGNED ON THE KNEES.

Law Suit Over a Woman's Advances
to a Gentleman Now Dead.

SINGULAR STORY.

May, 1904, IOU £130.—Harry Raymond.

This document formed the subject-matter of a very curious dispute between a lady plaintiff and a solicitor defendant, heard by Mr. Justice Grant-ham in the High Court yesterday.

The lady said that the signature "Harry Raymond" was genuine, although a little different from Mr. Raymond's usual signature, because that gentleman was on his knees when he wrote it.

The solicitor said that he was not satisfied that the signature was that of Mr. Raymond.

Mr. Raymond is unfortunately dead. That is why the question of the genuineness of his signature had to be referred to a law court. The solicitor is his executor.

Miss Sarah Elizabeth Alice Wilson, the plaintiff, is a lady who carries on the business of costume and mantle maker in Queen's-road, Bournemouth. She used occasionally to run up to town on matters of business, and one day early last year she was introduced by a Miss Carnell, sister of one of the young ladies in her own business, to Mr. Raymond, to whom Miss Carnell acted as typist.

In Need of £130.

During one of Miss Wilson's business visits to town Mr. Raymond took her to the theatre, and mentioned the fact that he was in need of £130. He had to pay for a motor-car, he said, and there was a bill coming due. He did not care to apply to his bankers or solicitors, he added.

"I have not got so much money," replied Miss Wilson. She advanced him, however, £50, which she had intended to devote to the purchase of some looking-glasses for her showrooms, and, at a later date, she provided another £50. In return Mr. Raymond promised to give her a bonus of £30 when he paid the money back.

In the following July Mr. Raymond wrote to say that he was coming through Bournemouth on the car that his Bournemouth friend had enabled him to purchase. "Come to breakfast," wrote Miss Wilson in reply.

There was a considerable party in the house, so that in order to make the breakfast a success the hostess turned one of the "fitting-rooms" into a breakfast-room.

Another idea also struck her. She would ask Mr. Raymond, just as a matter of formality, to give her an acknowledgment of the money she had lent to him in the previous May.

On His Knees.

Mr. Raymond, when this request was made, readily complied. Although the IOU was dated May, and it was then July, he put his name to the document.

But he did this under difficulties. In the "turning out" of the fitting-room a desk had been put on the floor. Mr. Raymond knelt down on the carpet before this desk, put the IOU on it, and signed.

Wearing an elegant mantle of a violet hue, Miss Wilson, in the witness-box, repeated the details of her financial dealings with Mr. Raymond, and then handwriting experts gave their opinion about the disputed signature.

The jury found that the signature was genuine, and returned a verdict in favour of Miss Wilson for the full amount claimed.

THIRST-CREATING BEER.

Adulteration Calculated To Induce Customers
To Take Another Glass.

An interesting sidelight was thrown on the methods of some publicans at the Marylebone Police Court yesterday when Thomas Sands, lately a publican of Westbourne Park-road, Paddington, was fined £5, with £2 12s. costs for adding ferrous sulphate (green copperas) to his beer.

It was explained that green copperas was a very strong astringent, and left the throat and mouth of the consumer dry, so that the customer would be induced to drink more.

Mr. Plowden: It produces thirst.

The Government analyst remarked that back in the thirties brewers used it to give a froth to their beer, but it had gone out of use.

Mr. Plowden: This is an age of revivals.

The defence was that the green copperas was only added to make the beer palatable.

Mr. Plowden: It is a very ingenious device, but hardly the way to get custom.

VETERINARY AS MAGICIAN.

At Wood Green a man summoned for using a lame horse, speaking of the medical evidence called, said, "When a veterinary surgeon has finished with a horse you can't tell whether it's a horse or a cow." (Laughter.)

MAJOR AND LADY.

Strange Charge of False Pretences
Against an Army Officer.

The history of the "Automatic Rifle Syndicate, Limited," was told at Marlborough-street yesterday, when Major Herbert Woodgate was charged with obtaining sums of money amounting to £400 from Mrs. Olive Wyndham Huysen by false pretences in the year 1902.

Major Woodgate, it was stated by Mr. Abingdon for the prosecution, held a commission in the South Wales Borderers.

He met the complainant at the house of a mutual friend, when she was a single woman and under age.

After some acquaintance the major proposed marriage—which was accepted.

At this time the complainant was entitled to a considerable sum of money under her grandfather's will, and Major Woodgate persuaded her, on her coming of age, to buy shares in the "Automatic Rifle Syndicate, Limited."

At this time, it is alleged, the total assets of the syndicate—which was floated in 1892, with Major Woodgate as one of its promoters—were £4 16s. worth of furniture and 9s. 3d. in the bank.

Having induced the lady to part with her money, as the prosecution suggested, entirely upon false pretences, the major declined to marry her, and was released from his engagement.

In one of his letters to her he wrote:—

"I have just had a long chat with Lord Kitchener, who sent me to Lord Roberts. He seems sceptical as to what I can do—what I know I can do."

The hearing of the case was adjourned at this stage.

JUDGE AND THE "TIMES."

Comments in a Libel Action in Which £250
Damages Are Awarded.

The libel action brought by Colonel Morgan against the "Times" was concluded yesterday, the jury awarding the plaintiff £250 and costs.

In his summing-up Mr. Justice Lawrence referred to a rule of the "Times," which prevents the paper making any reference to a matter after a writ has been issued.

"In this respect," said his Lordship, "I cannot understand their attitude."

"If a man unintentionally injured another it was his duty to make reparation."

"What was there in the position of the 'Times' to prevent it from behaving in the same way that a reasonable being would?"

A stay of execution was granted.

"MASK" MURDER.

Theory That Three Men Were Concerned
Abandoned by Police.

The theory that three men were concerned in the Deptford murder has been abandoned, in view of fresh evidence that has come to light.

The mystery of the closed door has been solved by a new witness, who saw Mr. Farrow, all covered with blood, come to the door himself and close it.

Interesting evidence will also be offered when the hearing of the charge against the brothers Stratton is resumed.

The finger-prints of the men have been taken, and compared by the police with those found upon the cashbox that was left behind by the men who committed the crime.

TALE OF A SWAMP.

Man Accuses Himself of a Murder in Jamaica
Ten Years Ago.

On his own confession William Richardson was yesterday charged at Highgate with the murder of Elizabeth Collock, in Jamaica.

According to the statement made by the prisoner, who is a blindmaker, he was shooting on his father's Jamaican estate in the year 1894.

He saw the woman Collock, who, he alleges, had called his mother bad names. She was stooping down gathering watercress, and he came behind her and pushed her into the swamp.

The police-surgeon saw no traces of insanity in Richardson, who was remanded pending the result of inquiries in Jamaica.

APOLOGY TO MISS ETHEL ARDEN.

It is with great regret that the *Daily Mirror* finds in its issue of July 23, 1904, in the report of certain divorce proceedings in the action of Methofer v. Methofer the respondent, "a chorus girl," professionally named "Ethel Harben," appeared as "Miss Ethel Arden," an actress.

We desire to offer to Miss Ethel Arden our sincerest apologies and regrets for the pain and annoyance that this unfortunate error has caused this talented lady, and we beg to assure her numerous admirers and friends that she had no connection whatever with the case, and that her character remains, as it always has been, absolutely unassailed from any reflections or imputations whatsoever.

HER OWN LAWYER.

Left by Her Counsel Lady Conducts
a Breach of Promise Action.

STORY DISCREDITED.

Left "to take her own course in the matter" by her counsel, a lady litigant personally conducted a breach of promise case yesterday against the Hon. Rupert Guinness, who is the eldest son of Lord Iveagh.

She had been told by her counsel that she had no corroboration for her strange story, but she persisted in telling it to the Court.

One day she had met Mr. Guinness—the lady litigant called him "the honourable Guinness," and was very uncertain about the date—in Bond-street. Mr. Guinness had professed to take an interest in her, and had asked permission to call.

She fell ill, and while she was ill Mr. Guinness promised to marry her. He bought her a little house at Hampton, but she was too ill to live in it. He promised to settle £15,000 on her. He said several times that he would marry her, and that they would be very happy together. But one day she found that he had married somebody else. This greatly upset her. She had just undergone an operation.

The News or the Operation?

"Was it the news or the operation that upset you?" asked Mr. Justice Lawrence, who had been a little puzzled by the somewhat disconnected story that the lady had told.

The lady replied that it was the news.

"I am asking you these questions to show that you are not telling the truth," said Mr. Gill, K.C., a few minutes later, when the lady objected to being cross-examined about her past.

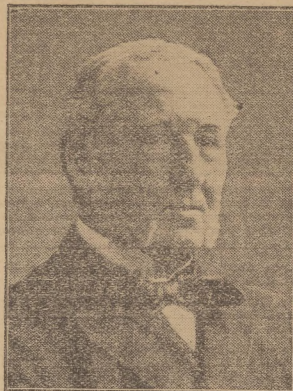
She admitted that she had borne other names than that of Hales, which figured in the pleadings; that her vicissitudes of address had ranged from Pimlico through Upper Gloucester-place to Hampstead, and then back to Pimlico. She also admitted that her visiting list included "a very nice little fellow" called "Little Jack."

"My people are very pious and very respectable," she added, and she was very positive that what Mr. Gill suggested about her method of life was not true.

"I am twenty-nine," she declared; but Mr. Gill proved by a birth certificate that she is thirty-seven.

Nobody being forthcoming to give any support to her statements, she was non-suited, and the Judge directed the jury to find a verdict against her.

MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD.



A dinner to this distinguished writer will be given at the Trocadero Restaurant to-night, in honour of his seventy-fifth birthday. Mr. Morley will preside.—(Russell.)

BRIGHTENING UP A WITNESS.

Judge Edge (to witness at Clerkenwell yesterday): Then the letter was sent subsequent to February 21?

Witness: No, it was sent after February 21.

Judge Edge: Do brighten yourself up. Does not subsequent mean after?

Witness: Oh!

PROBLEM OF LIFE AT EIGHTY.

"I can't get money out of the atmosphere," said an old man of eighty, named Dennis Kelly, who appeared at Chiswick on a charge of peddling without a licence. For attempting to sell boot-laces without the necessary certificate he was fined 2s. 6d.

Mr. W. C. Steadman, L.C.C., has been unanimously nominated as Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress.

THE LAW AND THE CAT.

Interesting Decision Over a Feline Performance at a Music-Hall.

The question whether the cat recently performing at the Lyceum Theatre was cruelly treated was yesterday decided by Mr. Marsham in the affirmative.

The trainer of the performing animals, Leonidas Arniotis, was prosecuted by the R.S.P.C.A. at Bow-street, with having cruelly ill-treated, abused, and tortured a cat.

Mr. Smith, who appeared for the society, said that during the performance two chairs were placed about three feet apart, and a cat formed a sort of natural bridge between them.

A number of dogs were then made to jump over the cat, and it was sometimes hit and knocked to the ground.

Inspector Wilson, of the R.S.P.C.A., said he witnessed the performance. The cruelty consisted in the force with which the dogs struck the cat, and the awkward way in which it fell.

Mr. William Kerr, M.R.C.V.S., said he examined the cat on March 25, and it appeared to be suffering from fear and nervous tension.

Mr. Pheasant, for the defence, said the defendant had been showing his animals for fifteen years. The cat had been going through the performance for five years, and there had never been any complaint.

Mr. Mulliner, M.R.C.V.S., said the cat showed no signs of ill-usage, and in his opinion there was nothing cruel in the performance.

The defendant was fined £4, with £4 ss. costs.

BREATHLESS RECORDS.

Excitement of the Race To Reproduce Photo-graphs Equals That of the Events.

The achievement of bringing to London the photographs of the Grand National Steeplechase, taken at Aintree after three o'clock last Friday afternoon, in time for reproduction in the *Daily Mirror* of Saturday, is one of the most remarkable in its way in the history of contemporary journalism.

The plates were developed, together with some biograph films for use the same night, in a specially-equipped saloon on the run from Liverpool to London, where they arrived at nine o'clock. And then the blocks and plates had to be prepared for use at the *Daily Mirror* office.

"Such facts are now expected," says the "British Journal of Photography," "but it can readily be understood that the race to reproduce photographs of such contests is as exciting as the contests themselves."

LEAP FROM A BALCONY.

Barrister's Evidence in the "Italian Student" Divorce Case.

Evidence was yesterday given in the Wright divorce case by one of Slater's detectives named King.

He described how he shadowed Mrs. Wright and the student Pico to a villa near Lugano, where Mrs. Wright's mother was popularly believed to be her aunt.

On November 2, 1903, he went with another detective to the villa at 9.30 a.m., to serve divorce papers. When Mrs. Wright opened her bedroom door they saw Pico inside.

Afterwards they entered the room and found the window open, and Mrs. Wright alone.

Mr. Willis, the barrister whose inquiries at Lugano resulted in his maltreatment by the inhabitants of the village, said that it was a 20ft. drop from the balcony.

"I should not like to have attempted it."

And the Court laughed.

MEANING OF STRIPES.

Good Conduct Marks Rouse an Alien Prisoner to Murderous Fury.

Miltiadeo Lokiadz, a Greek cigarette-maker, made a curious mistake on the eve of his release from Wormwood Scrubs, where he was serving a sentence of three months for wounding.

His conduct had been exemplary, and each month he received a good conduct stripe, which was sewn on his jacket sleeve.

He conceived the notion that each stripe meant an additional year's imprisonment, and when the third stripe was sewn on his indignation overpowered him.

He turned on a warder named Joseph Bowden and inflicted with a pair of scissors wounds of so serious a nature that the man is likely to be disfigured for life.

He was yesterday charged at the West London Police Court and remanded.

For blowing a police-whistle to call his dog and refusing to stop when requested a man was fined 10s. 6d. and costs at Manchester. The call attracted a policeman, in hot haste, to the spot.

PAGEANT OF 1,200 YEARS.

Feast of Historical Splendour and
Fun at Sherborne.

MONKS AND MAYPOLE.

A dramatic entertainment, with a castle for a setting and 500 performers, comprising eleven "episodes" and a maypole dance and a final tableau—Sherborne has contrived a novel and magnificent method of celebrating, on June 12-15 next, the 1,200th anniversary of the founding of the town, bishopric, and school.

St. Eadhelm, William the Conqueror, Friar Tuck, and Sir Walter Raleigh will all be prominent characters, and the pageant, which has been invented and written by Mr. Louis N. Parker, will equal the best in that kind ever put before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth or her royal, father at Windsor or Hampton Court.

There will be a covered auditorium for 2,000 persons, whence, whatever the weather, they may view in comfort the revellings of ignoble monks or the turbulent conflicts of Danes and outlaws with the townsmen of various centuries.

St. Eadhelm, A.D. 705, will introduce Christianity to the scantily, skin-clad English. The Danes will be defeated by the martial prelate, Eathstan. Alfred, father of the English Navy, will be depicted visiting the monastery to receive pious instruction at the hands of the monks.

William the Conqueror will tranquilly bully the "shavelings," and Robin Hood and fair Maid Marian will appear—together with the Dorset dialect.

Not "Inferior Dosset."

"An' when you've agot to goo drough to kirsen another little kirsin, be it a bwoy or a wench, why so much as ever there's room for kirsens robe?"—is not easily to be comprehended by the uninitiated, but it's good, broad "Dorset," not "inferior Dosset," like the butter that offended Mr. Perkyn Middlewick in "Our Boys."

Sir Walter Raleigh will smoke that identical, famous pipe of tobacco which ended in his being drenched by his over-anxious servant, and after the maypole dance the town and county of Dorset will be worthily represented in the picturesque concluding tableau.

Each day solemn services will be held in the churches, and amongst the preachers will be the Bishop of Salisbury.

FINGER PRINT CLUES.

The Latest Interesting Advance in Criminal
Investigation Exhaustively Described.

The adoption of M. Bertillon's method of recording and comparing the finger-prints of criminals is proving more valuable every day. In several recent cases of serious crime finger-prints found upon window panes and furniture have resulted in the arrest and conviction of the criminals.

This interesting subject is described and illustrated in an article upon anthropology contained in the second fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia." This article runs to eighteen columns, thus affording a thoroughly complete and comprehensive account of the subject.

This is but one of over 1,200 articles contained in Part II. of "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia," and it serves to illustrate the completeness with which every subject is treated.

It cannot be too clearly understood that the 50,000 articles which the complete work will contain are all of them written by living experts, and have in every case been kept open until the day of going to press in order that the latest facts and figures might be embodied in them.

These facts have resulted in a public demand for the work so unprecedented that the greatest possible difficulty is being experienced by both publishers and printers in meeting the huge orders for copies.

SEE THE

"WRENCH"

PICTURE - -
POSTCARDS
FOR EASTER.

On Sale at all High-Class Stationers
and News-vendors.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

On Sir Arthur Conan Doyle the degree of LL.D. was conferred yesterday by Edinburgh University.

In the wills published during the last eight days nine clergymen and ministers left, in the aggregate, estate to the value of £242,154.

Six men were injured yesterday at Mullingar, Westmeath, in a railway accident, an engine dashing into a number of horse-wagons.

Next Monday is the 150th anniversary of the birth of Samuel Hahnemann, whose bust adorns the shop windows of homeopathic chemists.

Nelson's last signal is to be commemorated by a row of flags hanging across Whitehall from May 1 to October 1 in celebration of the Trafalgar Centenary.

During the international gathering of journalists in London next month the delegates will be received by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs at the Mansion House on May 4.

Mr. Somers Somerset, brother-in-law of Mr. Loder, the Unionist who suffered defeat in the Brighton by-election, is recommended as the Liberal candidate for Croydon.

The unveiling of the Cowper memorial window at East Dereham, Norfolk, on Easter Monday, will be accompanied by the singing in the Market-place, by a large assembly of children, of some of Cowper's hymns.

The Bishop of Stepney has objected to Mr. George Lansbury, a Labour member of the Poplar Borough Council, occupying the pulpit of St. Michael's, Bromley, to give an address at the men's service on April 30. Mr. Lansbury recently preached in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

A large pure bred Aylesbury duck that lays a double-yoked egg regularly every day is owned by Mrs. Gwynne Howell, of Llanellwedd Hall, Builth.

A beautiful pair of Australian cranes have arrived at the Zoological Gardens.

Eight gallons of milk per day is the remarkable yield of a Shorthorn cow belonging to Mr. Faure Walker, of Balcombe, Sussex.

A break down on the Underground Railway between Blackfriars and Mansion House yesterday morning caused great inconvenience by delaying passengers.

The body of Mary Swift, aged fifty-two, of Parbold, Preston, has been found at the bottom of a rain-tub, in water eighteen inches deep. Her brother committed suicide nine years ago.

A sword believed to be that wielded by Prince Caradoc, a Welsh warrior who gave much trouble to the Roman invaders, has been unearthed in the garden of Mr. William Beddoe, of Bryn-road, Fforestfach.

"Every secretary has his private secretary, every private secretary his assistant, every assistant his helper, and salaries amount to £40,000 a year." This is the description by the "Irish Independent" of the Irish Agriculture and Technical Instruction Department.

Urged by the Driffield (Yorks) Guardians to restrict the extras allowed to out-relief paupers, the medical officer has replied that where the allowance is insufficient to provide the necessities of life he considers it his duty to recommend extra nourishment, without which medicines are of little avail.

BALLOON THAT CROSSED THE CHANNEL YESTERDAY.



Four parties of aeronauts attempted to cross the Channel, but only one, that of M. Jacques Faure, the French aeronaut, succeeded. His balloon left Folkestone about midnight, and landed near Calais in a gale of wind at three o'clock yesterday morning. Our photograph shows it being filled at Folkestone.

A new Army signalling school is to be established at the Curragh.

The East Coast resorts scored heavily over southern watering-places as regards the amount of sunshine recorded during the month of March.

Every saloon on the North-Eastern Railway has been engaged by Northerners coming to the Crystal Palace next Saturday to see the English Cup football final.

A memorial to the late Mr. Robert Brough, who was killed in the railway accident at Cudworth, is being arranged by a committee of his friends in London and Aberdeen.

The distress in Liverpool is more acute now than it has been during the whole winter. Large numbers of dock labourers are out of employment owing to reduced importations of cotton.

Board of Trade returns show that last month imports amounted to £48,983,312, an increase of £201,037, as compared with March, 1904. The exports reached £28,070,823, an increase of £3,819,027.

A Protestant young lady teacher at Pudsey, Yorks., whose services were not needed in the Council schools, was offered by the education authority a vacancy in a Roman Catholic school. This was refused, the girl's father writing to say that it was "an insult to ask her."

A young man at Cleckheaton was so attacked to a nurse at the Smallpox Hospital that he has been calling there every evening. He is now himself a patient. The nurse has been dismissed, and the district council contemplate proceedings under the by-law relating to the prevention of infectious diseases.

A Hindoo and a Persian are among the applicants for the position of assistant resident medical officer at the Liverpool Workhouse.

The experiments in marking fish on the Northumbrian coast have proved that plaice do not migrate, but continue for a long time in the same neighbourhood.

Determined not to encourage courting, a Sussex lady has stipulated that the seats she has given to be placed by the roadside at Etchingham, Ticehurst, and Hurst Green, shall be divided into compartments, each large enough for only one person.

The Society of Friends is trying to establish a settlement in the Battleford district, 500 miles north-west of Winnipeg. Many of the settlers are from Hereford, and the name they have given to their township is "Swarthmore."

"Shall publicans be admitted to Church membership?" is a question which occupies the attention of Priory Congregational Church, Carmarthen. The Rev. Kerr Evans, the pastor, desires for the future to exclude applicants who are publicans.

Scottish herring merchants propose to make Southwold, Suffolk, the central port for the export trade in cured herrings. The accommodation provided at Lowestoft and Yarmouth is inadequate. Engineers have visited Southwold to plan the necessary harbour alterations.

An artist who, summoned for debt at Portmadoc, was advised to paint a picture of Aberglasslyn Bridge and give it to his creditor as payment, has finished his work and brought it to the County Court. The judge informed him that he could not compel the creditor to accept the painting.

LONDON'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

Three-fourths of the L.C.C. Cottages
Without Tenants.

TO-DAY'S PICTURES.

Despite the many complaints about lack of cheap house accommodation in and around London there is a village near Tottenham which is practically deserted. And it is not deserted on account of the houses being insanitary or old-fashioned. They were erected by the London County Council only six months ago.

The village consists of a number of cottages which would accommodate about a thousand people, and it is the first instalment of the London County Council's new country estate for town-dwellers. The cottages have been built expressly for working folk, the rents, including rates, vary from 7s. to 12s. a week. Each has the latest improvements in the fitting of cottages, including a gas cooker as well as a kitchen range. Some have a parlour, a scullery, and two bedrooms, others a parlour, kitchen, and three bedrooms.

ROWS OF EMPTY COTTAGES.

Yet, in spite of all these advantages, three-fourths of the cottages are unoccupied. The situation is perhaps some disadvantages from the workman's point of view. The nearest school is a mile away, the public-house is a little farther off, and the nearest railway station is at the same distance. Still, as electric trams run close by the cottages these hardly seem sufficient reasons to account for the fact that three cottages out of every four have failed to find tenants, and the place bears the air of a deserted village. The labourers, postmen, artisans, and clerks who have taken some of these cottages would surely have their numbers increased if these were the only objections to the dwellings.

Other reasons are assigned for their lack of popularity. One of them is that the doors, two of which are shown in the photograph reproduced on page 8, are so narrow that it is impossible to take furniture of any size through them, and that it is impossible to get even a cottage piano into the cottages, while others assert that the rows of small houses look so much like barracks that the very sight of them is repellant.

MOTOR BOAT EXHIBITION.

The fleet of motor-boats now gathered at Monaco is the finest the world has ever seen. This week a great number of them have been placed on exhibition, and, as our photograph on page 8 shows, the King of the Belgians has been among the many distinguished visitors. A series of exciting races is expected next week, when all the boats, representing the leading nations of Europe, will compete. Several of the races have already been held at over thirty miles an hour, and there is no doubt that new world's records will be made.

SNOW AND SUNSHINE.

Convincing evidence of the recent extraordinary variations in the weather is given in the photographs reproduced on page 1. Within a few hours of a day of bright sunshine snow was falling in various parts of the kingdom. That the sun shone with considerable strength at Southend is proved by the breadth of the line burnt in the strip of cardboard by the sunshine-recording machine. The line, though thin in the early morning, grows steadily thicker, until in the early afternoon it registers sunshine of almost summer brilliancy.

STRANGE CAUSES OF FIRES.

Water, Sparks, Careless Smokers, and Children
Playing with Matches.

Three thousand six hundred and sixteen fires occurred in London last year, according to the report of the Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council issued yesterday. Sixty-seven of these fires were serious, entailing a loss of ninety-three lives.

Altogether the Fire Brigade was called out 4,778 times to alarms of houses on fire, 1,032 to chimneys on fire, and 874 on false alarms. Ninety-five of the latter were malicious.

The brigade travelled 50,115 miles during the year, the entire number of the journeys of the various appliances being 46,485.

Some of the causes of fire were curious. For instance, a tea dealer's premises were set on fire by a light thrown from the street; a greengrocer's was burnt down through a spark from a passing locomotive; and a marine store dealer's place was destroyed through water coming in contact with carbide of calcium.

Sparks from fire caused 246 fires, escapes of gas 148, children playing with matches 144, and careless tobacco smokers 117.

Two hundred and eight firemen were injured, and there was one fatality.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1905

"THE EARTH DID OPEN."

THE idea that Nature is a kindly Mother of her children is quite a modern one. All our talk of the "return to Nature" and so on would have struck the ancients as grotesque and unreal.

To them Nature was a cruel, wild beast. The farther away they could get from her the better. She was always on the look-out for a chance to crush and maim and kill them. They spoke of her respectfully because they feared her, but as for affection and "sympathy with Nature," that would have seemed to them absurd.

Terrific events caused by the hidden forces of Nature, such as this appalling earthquake in India, kept that view alive in many parts of the world still. Now it appears that some 500 British-Indian soldiers were victims of the upheaval of the earth's crust near Lahore.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they were swallowed up. They went down quick into the pit. Their places knew them no more. Nothing more paralysing can be conceived than the awful suddenness and completeness of such a disaster. Men are swept off like flies. At such moments Nature does assume the likeness either of a heedless fiend or of a stern avenger.

It is our lot to inhabit a region where the forces of Nature are (by comparison with India, for example) tame and docile. We have no volcanoes to vomit forth destruction. Our earthquakes content themselves with breaking a few cups and saucers. Our rivers have no mountainous tidal waves.

Our view of Nature is governed by our climate. To us she seems, on the whole, a kindly parent, though such weather as that of yesterday gives her an uncomfortably capricious reputation. But we cannot expect our view to be shared by all. If the Lahore disaster had happened here, what should we be saying about our "Mother Nature" then?

A REAL "CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE."

Most people know Mr. Marion Crawford's pretty story which had this title. Now America sends us news of an equally pretty romance of a cigarette-maker in real life.

Rose Pastor, the child of Russian Jews, was brought to London in 1892, when she was three years old. Nine years later the family went to America. Rose got work in a cigarette factory, but she did not mean to end her days there.

She read all the books she could, and taught herself to write, and in 1902 she was able to get a staff appointment on a New York paper. This paper sent her one day to interview a very rich young man who was living among the poor at a University Settlement, very much like Tynbabe Hall.

With him Miss Pastor soon became great friends. They were both interested in social work, both earnest, young people of noble mind. After a while the young millionaire (his name is Stokes) found that this clever newspaper girl came nearer to his ideal of womanhood than any of his richer friends.

So he asked her to marry him, and she consented, and to-day New York society can talk of nothing but their expected wedding in July. It is an engaging story, and ought to have a good effect upon Social Settlements both in America and in this country.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Nothing so powerfully calls home the mind as distress. If we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindnesses press upon our mind.—*Sterne*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA is really becoming quite a fashionable resort at this time of year—something like an English Nice or Cannes, where people go to meet a premature spring. Lady Londonderry is one of the latest arrivals there. She has travelled a good deal, and her preference for Westgate is a great compliment to the place. Once Lady Londonderry went out to South Africa to see her younger son, who has since died; and I heard, apropos of this, an interesting story which shows what a charming travelling companion and what a charitable woman she is. On the same ship herself was a poor girl who was going out to Cape Town to take up a position as governess there.

When the ship stopped at Madeira this girl went on shore with the other passengers, was invited to dinner by some friends at a hotel, and was persuaded to drink a good deal of the wine of the country there, without realising at all how strong it was. When she came back to the ship she

showed the effects of this, and as a result the next day was remorselessly cut by the other ladies on board. Lady Londonderry had heard of the mistake, however, and she went straight up to the girl when plenty of other people were standing near and said: "I am sorry you have been ill; come and sit down here with me, I want to show you a book." After that the poor girl's mistake was completely forgotten.

Prince Albert of Belgium, who celebrates his thirtieth birthday to-day, is a young man of much intelligence and spirit. As a boy he gave a good deal of trouble to his pastors and masters, which is supposed to be an unmistakable sign of future brilliance. One day he played an exceptionally comic trick on one of his professors. They were walking along one of the main streets of Brussels, and the learned man was meditating heavily as to the best means of getting his royal pupil to attend more closely to his lessons. Suddenly the Prince disappeared altogether. "Where are you, Monsieur, where are you?" A loud "Cuckoo!" which proceeded from a gaspipe lying in the road, showed where the Prince—face black

as night and hair discoloured—had taken refuge from his tutor's conversation.

The old and the new journalists will gather in agreement for once to-night to give Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the famous founder of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and later of the "St. James's," a hearty welcome at the dinner which is to be given in his honour. To Mr. Greenwood many of the most prominent writers of the day owe their first encouragement and protection. He was the literary sponsor of Mr. Barrie, and he "discovered" Mr. Thomas Hardy. Walking along the bookstalls in Paternoster-row one day he picked up a tattered copy of Mr. Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree." He dipped into it, and was attracted by its style. He then sought the author out and commissioned him to write a new story for the "Cornhill," which was then under his control.

The Brighton election has very much emboldened Mr. Chamberlain's thorough-going supporters. They are now openly declaring that Mr. Balfour's indecision is responsible for the bad odour in which the Conservative party now stands with the country. One of them again in the Press calls upon Mr. Balfour to explain clearly the policy he intends to follow. That, declares the "Standard," is "the only safe, as it is the only dignified, course."

Another morning paper devoted to Mr. Chamberlain's interests talks about the Prime Minister's "hair-splitting," and says that by "eviscerating the policy he has emasculated the party." The "Daily Express" contrasts the leadership of Mr. Balfour with that of the late W. H. Smith, and says the country much preferred the latter. The "Morning Post" says "the people are tired of uncertainty and ambiguity," that "the Unionist Party is without a lead," and that it is high time it knew upon what issue and under what leader it will go to the country.

"If Mr. Chamberlain," (a shrewd political observer said to me yesterday) "were to declare himself leader of as many as would follow him upon the path of sound administration and real reform, he could probably get a majority of the House of Commons to form up behind him even now." These attacks upon Mr. Balfour by his own supporters show how deeply his attitude of detachment has offended them.

Good luck to Miss Tita Brand, who opens her season at the Shaftesbury Theatre to-night, and makes her first appearance in London as Shakespeare's Desdemona. Miss Brand is the daughter of the well-known singer, Miss Marie Bremar, and she ought to be a great success, for she has had a very unusual experience for one so young in the playing of Shakespearean characters. Her favourite of the tragedies is "Othello," and she has longed to play Desdemona ever since she first read the play as a small child. Miss Brand has an extraordinary appetite for work. She has acted all over the provinces in every kind of company—sometimes even in pastoral plays in the open air, which in England generally means in the rain. One night I remember seeing her in Milton's "Comus."

We had all gathered with hopes about the weather springing eternally in our breasts "Comus" began, and we were charmed for about ten minutes. Soon, however, when Miss Brand appeared, a gentle patter was heard upon the leaves of the open-air theatre. Everybody tried to pay no attention, but it was no good. The rain began—endless, pelting, unmistakable rain, and Miss Brand, who had persevered until soaked to the skin, withdrew to a building near. There she changed her Charles I. dress for a modern one, and began to act again, this time indoors.

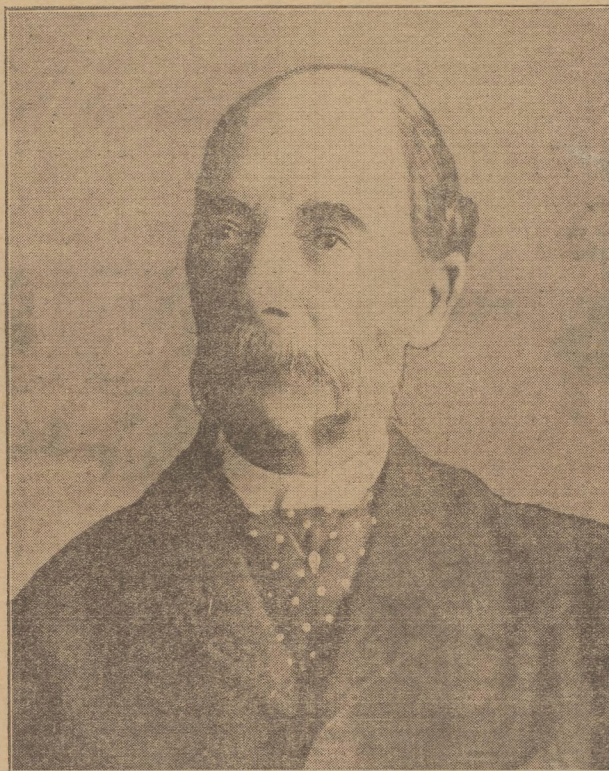
Mr. G. H. Clutsum, the popular song-writer, who has just written a bridal ode for Miss Ada Crossley's wedding on Tuesday (which is to be sung by twelve friends of the bride), is a Colonial by birth. He has had a varied experience of life. Born in New Zealand, he taught himself music and practised conjuring tricks. Then he went about New Zealand and Australia as an entertainer. In the latter country Mr. Clutsum came under the notice of Mr. Hugo Grotz and Mme. Amy Sherwin, who were then touring in Australia. They recognised his musical gifts, and he joined their party as accompanist.

An interesting engagement is that announced between Mr. Charles Stewart Hardy and Lady Katharine Egerton, the youngest daughter but one of Lord and Lady Ellesmere. Lord and Lady Ellesmere have no less than nine children now alive, and not very long ago they lost two others, one of them, a girl of seventeen, under very painful circumstances. Lady Helen Egerton was unwell, though with nothing serious the matter with her, at Bridgewater House, Lord Ellesmere's residence in town. While she was in her room, being kept as quiet as possible, a terrible thing happened downstairs. A footman shot one of the maid-servants in a fit of jealousy, and the news so upset Lady Helen that she died soon after.

IN MY GARDEN.

This feature appears to-day on page 11.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FATHER IS 87 TO-DAY.



King Christian of Denmark, who celebrates his eighty-seventh birthday to-day, is called the "Father of Europe." Queen Alexandra is his eldest daughter. The Dowager Tsarina of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland are her sisters. He will be succeeded by one son, while another is King of Greece.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The King of Denmark.

OUR Queen's father is eighty-seven to-day. Not only England and Denmark are congratulating him, for he is known as the Father of Europe.

Though he is an old man now, he is many years younger than his age. His step has lost much of its spring, his eyes are dimmed, his voice has no longer its old militant ring, but no one would think he was eighty-seven.

He still walks about the streets of Copenhagen as freely as any of his subjects, stopping to talk to passers-by, looking in the shop windows, acknowledging the salutes of all and sundry. Nor has he given up his old habit of giving away all the money he has about him and then getting into difficulties for want of it.

It is seldom, too, that he is to be seen on horseback now. Only a few years ago he was an enthusiastic horseman, and in his early days his chief amusement was to ride unmanageable animals.

He has not worn so well because he has saved himself or because he has taken care of himself. He has led his country's forces in war, and all his life he has worked hard and been his own Master. Denmark loves him, and everyone respects him.

POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

A Londoner's Advice for Holidays.

At early dawn through London you must go
Until you come where long, black hedge-rows
grow,
With pink buds pearded, and here and there a tree,
And gates and stiles; and watch good country folk,
And scent the spicy smoke
Of withered weeds that burn where gardens be;
And in a ditch perhaps a primrose see.

The rooks shall stalk the plough, larks mount the skies,
Blackbirds and speckled thrushes sing aloud,
Hid in a warm, white cloud
Mantling the thorn, and far away shall rise
The milky low of cows and farmyard cries.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So, after Bill sold his billboard to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.—*Yale Expositor*.

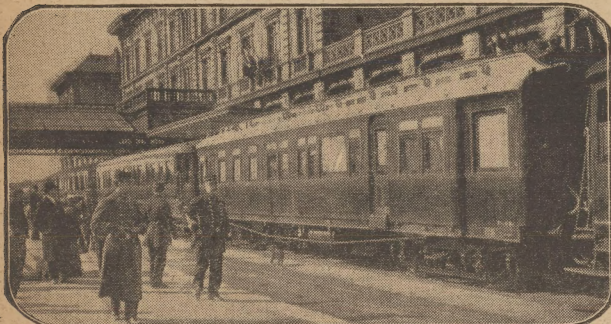
INCIDENTS OF THE KING'S TOUR



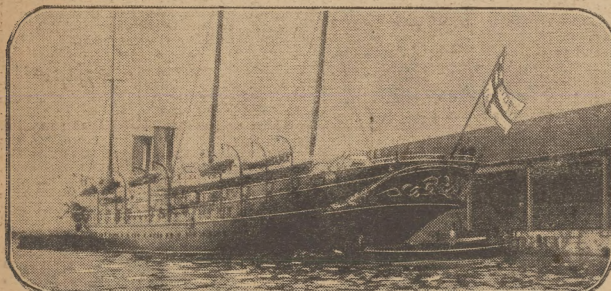
Putting the finishing touches to the decorations of the reception-room prepared for his Majesty on Calais Station.



The French photographer's elaborate preparations for photographing the King at Calais. The photographer is carrying plates, his assistant a large camera, the boy a stand for it, and the girl some other accessories.



His Majesty's train starting from Calais Station. The interview between the King and President Loubet took place in the royal carriage.



The royal yacht Victoria and Albert waiting for the King at Marseilles pier. His Majesty met the Queen on the yacht yesterday.

PICTURES OF THE NEW

DHARMSALA, WHERE 470 SOLDIERS WERE BURIED



Yesterday it was reported that 470 Gurkha soldiers had been buried alive at Dharmsala during the recent war. At least sixteen Europeans are known to have been killed at this hill station, and 1,400 natives have been killed.

KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM INSPECTING MOTOR-BOATS



King Leopold of Belgium inspecting motor-boats at the Monaco Exhibition. His Majesty took the opportunity to inspect the English boats, which gained the first and second prizes for neatness and design.

DESERTED L.C.C. VILLAGE.



Doors of the L.C.C. cottages near Tottenham, which are said to be too narrow to admit pianos. Three-fourths of the cottages are unoccupied.—(Park.)

MR. WANG YUN, A CHINESE



Mr. Wang Yun, of the Chinese Emancipation Association held at Westminster, London.

E DAYS



CAMERAGRAPHS OF CURRENT EVENTS

LIVE.



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YESTERDAY'S FIRE AT A STRAND RESTAURANT.

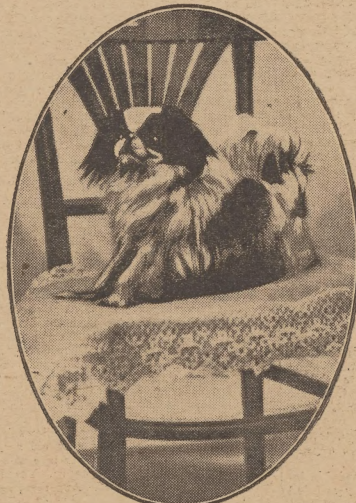


Exciting scenes were witnessed in the Strand early yesterday morning when a fire broke out in the Temple Restaurant, opposite the Law Courts. Nine people were asleep at the time, and they rushed out in their nightclothes. Our photograph shows how the interior was damaged.

SE EXPERT, JUDGES PEKINESE DOGS AT THE LADIES' DOG SHOW.



attended the first members' show of the Ladies' Kennel the Pekinese dogs. Here he is seen surrounded by mem- of the association.



Fugi of Kobe, Miss Marie Serena's Japanese dog that took the first prize as the best animal exhibited.

FAMOUS VIOLINIST'S BIRTHDAY.



To-day Miss Marie Hall, the violinist whose playing made her famous while still in her teens, celebrates her twenty-first birth- day.—(Lena Connell.)

AYLESBURY HUNT STEEPLECHASES.



The water-jump in the heavy-weight Steeplechase at the Ayles- bury Hunt Meeting. Lord Malden led for the first two miles on Black Diamond II., but was beaten in the run-in by Mr. Drake on Pat Navan.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 8.

THE SHOES IN THE PASSAGE.

By ALAN SANDERS.

The lift attendant was asleep.
Dick Mostyn felt inclined to wake him, but on second thoughts considerably elected to walk upstairs to his room. He had forgotten which floor it was on, but he could tell by the numbers on the doors.

At the third landing he stopped to regain his breath.

"Tired," he muttered, as he tilted his opera-hat to the back of his head. "These London hotels are like Jacob's Ladder when it comes to stair-climbing." He sat down on the steps for a moment, there was no sense in risking an attack of indigestion after a bachelor's dinner-party. He almost wished he had roused that sleepy attendant.

Still, Dick felt good-tempered; he glanced down the corridor. How grotesque all the boots and shoes looked, to be sure, ranged like sentries outside the bedroom doors. Then he fell to studying them: there were all shapes and sizes.

Suddenly his eye was arrested by the daintiest pair of shoes he had ever seen. Dick advanced for a closer inspection.

"A girl with a foot like that," he apostrophised, "must be perfect. A dream of a foot! I should like to know that girl. I've never seen anything prettier than those little shoes!"

Dick jotted down the number of the room on his cuff, and then finished his journey upstairs, and, dreaming of the owner of the shoes, fell asleep.

Next day he made friends with more waters between breakfast and lunch-time than he had previously met in years of travel—until he found the right one.

Then he learnt who "she" was. At three tables' distance Dick Mostyn capitulated to the charms of Miss Beryl Ferney the same evening at dinner. She was prettier even than he had imagined she would be—from her shoes.

In the smoke-room later on Dick contrived to give Ferney perle the impression—afterwards communicated to Ferney mere—that "he was a nice young fellow worth his salt."

Official introduction followed in the drawing-room. She seemed rather shy at first, but any pretty girl would with a mother and a lognette hovering in the vicinity.

When Dick had switched off the paternal conversation, and Mrs. Ferney had gone to finish a letter, he and Beryl got on well enough.

Before they parted he had learnt that rubies were her favourite stone, that she thought the "Veronique" waltz the prettiest dance music this season, that she never missed Henley Regatta, and that she intended "shopping for mother" in Bond-street next afternoon.

Dick also "shopped" in Bond-street that day, and the pleasure of meeting was naturally "quite unexpected" on both sides.

Nor did Beryl seem to mind Dick's compliments. They had a ring of sincerity about them.

They were often together in the days that followed, and each night Dick walked upstairs to his room after he had finished his last cigar. Those dainty shoes on the third floor landing appealed to his sense of the artistic. Besides, he was very much in love.

"Don't you think," he said to Beryl one evening, "that very small things frequently shape one's destiny?"

"I suppose they do, sometimes," she replied. "I'm sure of it," said Dick emphatically. "For instance, I fell in love with you before I saw you, and—"

"I didn't know—" she began, with a pleased little blush.

"No; I hadn't told you in so many words, but you must have seen it all along, darling," said Dick, and there was no one to see him when he kissed her.

"It's so romantic, darling," he said. "But I did. Two dear little shoes outside a certain door on the third-floor landing captivated me, and I fell in love with the owner on the spot, for I knew she must be an angel."

"I'm not an angel," said Beryl almost tearfully, as a deep flush roused her cheeks.

"But I think you are, dearest," said Dick. And there's no doubt he did.

"Next day Beryl was confined to her room with a severe headache. Dick's agitation was pitiable; Beryl was evidently too ill even to scribble an answer to his endearing messages.

Then he heard she had been out. Dick was at once a prey to all the anxieties which beset a lover. She must be purposely avoiding him. But why?

Dick waited about for hours in likely places. Even the dainty shoes had disappeared from the third-floor landing.

At last when reduced to the depths of a young man's despair, he found her hiding in a corner of the drawing-room. A glance told him she had been crying.

"What does this mean?" he asked tenderly, and before she could run away he had firm hold of her little hands. "Why have you been playing hide-and-seek and making me miserable? And why have you been crying, darling?"

"Oh, I—I can't tell you, Dick!" and the soft glow of the shaded lamp made the teardrops in her eyes more beautiful than any jewels.

Dick drew her closely to him. "What dreadful thing is it?" he asked coaxingly, and with mock seriousness.

"It's—it's the shoes, Dick!" and she cried gently on his shoulder.

"Well, darling, what about them? Haven't I said they were the sweetest little shoes in the world?"

"Yes, that's the trouble."

"Trouble? Why? They were yours, weren't they?"

"Well, they are mine, but I can't get them on."

"Can't—but what . . . ?"

"You see, it's a silly fashion to take tiny shoes about with you to make people think—oh, Dick, I feel so ashamed."

"And was that why you avoided me, little goose?"

"Remember you said you fell in love with my shoes."

"But that was before I saw you."

"And now?" she asked softly.

"Why, now, I should worship you even if you wore nines."

"Dick!"

At Malta many years before. Miss Maria had protested loudly against the name, saying that it reminded her of some suburban villa, but her brother had been unwaveringly inflexible upon this point, and "Valetta" the house had accordingly been named.

"Check to your queen, brother," said George complacently, moving his knight and discovering a strong attack. He was usually the victor in these games of chess, for quiet and unassuming as he was, he was yet a master of strategy.

John Hallows looked on anxiously to see if Miss Maria was within hearing. Luckily she had only just entered the room, and the exclamation was lost in the slamming of the door. She stalked up to the chess-table. Miss Maria always walked with the gait of a man.

"Lost again, John?" she queried sharply. "You seem far too fond of it."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Christian Science seems to me to be merely a sign of the general slackness and want of initiative of the present generation. It is only a form of fatalism.

People shirk their responsibilities, and leave everything in the hands of the Deity. If their children are ill they do not call in a doctor or attempt to cure the sickness, but content themselves with praying. It is easier to pray than work.

And if Christian Science does lead men to find their affinities, what harm is there in that? Surely, it is better to find one's real second self, one's true other part, late rather than never? If no one was allowed to retrieve a mistake this would be a sad world.

The letter from "A Wife" reveals want of thought. If her husband has neglected her for his "affinity" she should be thankful that the mistake is not irrevocable.

A PHILOSOPHER ON SMOKING.
Mr. Frederic Harrison denounces smokers as filthy, degraded creatures, unworthy to be called gentlemen.—Leader in *Daily Mirror*, April 4.

Dirty dogs are they who smoke!"
Thank you, Mr. Harrison!
Surely 'tis your little joke
Which at us you slyly poke.
Punny Mr. Harrison!

Carlyle smoked and Kingsley, eh?
Courteous Mr. Harrison!
Tennyson enjoyed his clay—
Were they filthy fellows, pray,
Caustic Mr. Harrison?

You forget one little thing,
Angry Mr. Harrison:
Our beloved and gracious King
Smokes away like anything!
Hasty Mr. Harrison!

Ladies love the cigarette!
Odious Mr. Harrison:
To imply that girls who puff
Are no better than—enough!
Really! Mr. Harrison!

Karsfield, Torquay. F. B. D.

DR. TORREY ON HELL.
Mr. Harry Hills questions whether what Dr. Torrey says on Hell is correct. Certainly not.

"Hell" is translated from the Greek word "Hades" and Hebrew word "Sheol," which literally means grave or pit. (Smith's "Dictionary on the Bible.")

The Hell doctrine is unfortunately one of the errors which believers in the immortality of the soul must retain for logical reasons. If they do not send immortal souls to Heaven, they must send them to Hell, which is mostly constructed out of their wish for the final undoing of their enemies and religious antagonists.

69, Gresham-road, S.W. ALBERT YEATES.

A "DAILY MIRROR" PICTURE BOOK.
We have made a very interesting picture book by cutting out the principal pictures from the *Daily Mirror* day by day, and sticking them in an album, classified, with the dates and printed descriptions of each picture.

Some other of your admirers may like to know what a capital book can thus be made—a book of never-fading and lasting interest.
Eastbourne. TWO READERS.

Miss Maria, and kept his tongue in check when she was about.

"Yes, I think I may fairly say that the game is mine," George remarked, as he produced a box and began to put the pieces carefully away. He never pronounced a very positive opinion, even when he had no doubt of his facts, but usually prefaced his observations by "I think."

"What's the matter, John?" asked Miss Maria, shaking her finger at her brother. "I thought you didn't look well the moment I saw you this afternoon. You've been swallowing any more of those horrid patent medicines, have you?"

She knew John's weakness for doctoring himself; he had a wholly false idea that he suffered from gout, and the "cures" to which he treated himself were many and varied.

"No, it's not that; it's not my gout," was the reply to John's first voice. "I'm worried about the children. You know you were worried yourself yesterday, Maria. You said that the boy ought to be more ardent in his wooing, that the love seemed to be too much on Kitty's side. It didn't strike me before; we've grown so accustomed to see them play together as children—like brother and sister—that somehow everything seemed to be going on perfectly well and naturally. But since you spoke I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me that when I was a young man I—eh, what do you say, brother George?"

He leant forward in his chair, his large, sun-stained hands resting upon his knees. "When I loved a girl I told her so, and I didn't mind kissing her either. That's what I mean to say, and I like plain speaking."

"I remember," began George Hallows dreamily, "when I was quite a lad—not so old as Jack—a midshipman—that I fell deeply in love with a little Portsmouth girl. It was at a dance. Yes, I kissed her the second time we met. And then, again, at Valetta—"

"You old reprobate," laughed Admiral John, his good humour suddenly restored, "who would think you had been such a rake?"

(Continued on page 11.)

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Souls Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XVII.

Admirals John and George were deeply engrossed that afternoon in their customary game of chess. They had a little table drawn up to the open French window, a window from which a view could be obtained that was a delight to the hearts of both the old men. For, save a strip of the neat garden terminating abruptly in the cliff, there was nothing between them and the sea. From this point of vantage they could watch distant sails, speculate as to the nationality of passing steamers, discuss technical details with a gusto that their long retirement from active service had but enhanced. Plymouth and Devonport lay hidden round a bend of the coast; there was nothing for Jack's father, the proximity of a town. Admiral George, indeed, was wont to say that it needed but a little imagination to figure himself once more at sea; it was a good thing, he would add, that he was blessed with imagination, that he was not so matter-of-fact as brother John. And it was quaint to see how now one, now the other, of the two old men would spring up, even in the midst of their chess-playing, to affix an eye to the telescope and call out in excited tones some information for the benefit of his brother.

Admiral John was wont to visit Kitty's guardian nearly every afternoon, and it was only natural that Jack should find his way there, too. Jack's father lived nearer to Plymouth than his brother, and his house did not enjoy anything like the view that was to be obtained from George's. The open sea and the line of undulating coast—these were attractions which were undeniable, and they were to be found at "Valetta," as Admiral George had named his house in memory of certain happy days spent

at Malta many years before. Miss Maria had protested loudly against the name, saying that it reminded her of some suburban villa, but her brother had been unwaveringly inflexible upon this point, and "Valetta" the house had accordingly been named.

"Check to your queen, brother," said George complacently, moving his knight and discovering a strong attack. He was usually the victor in these games of chess, for quiet and unassuming as he was, he was yet a master of strategy.

John Hallows looked on anxiously to see if Miss Maria was within hearing. Luckily she had only just entered the room, and the exclamation was lost in the slamming of the door. She stalked up to the chess-table. Miss Maria always walked with the gait of a man.

"Lost again, John?" she queried sharply. "You seem far too fond of it."

"I don't see how I'm to get out of this hole," said the elder man. "George can't help mating me in three or four moves. There—he pushed his chair back from the table—"it's your game, George. I acknowledge myself beaten. The fact is, I'm a bit worried—not quite myself. Otherwise I should have shown better fight."

He turned away, frowning heavily, and gazed out to sea. George Hallows made no answer for a moment. He was busily engaged in verifying his brother's statement as to the inevitability of defeat.

"The only possible move for you is to advance your king's bishop's pawn," he murmured. "Yes, then, of course, I bring up my rook—that's check. Check."

"Oh, stop that muttering," cried John, testily, and put the silly things away. What's a game after all?"

But George, quiet unmoved, continued his inspection of the board till he was wholly satisfied that the victory was his. He had been so long accustomed to his brother's sharp tongue that it was a novelty to be never disturbed thereby. It would have been different if Miss Maria had been the speaker—but then even John stood in awe of

"BABUSHKA."

Grandmother of Russian Revolution Who Has Spent Twenty-five Years in Siberia.

Twenty-five years in Siberia! It would be hard to imagine a more terrible fate, yet that is what a sweet white-haired old lady who passed through London the other day has suffered.

She is Catherine Breshkovskaya, known in Russian revolutionary circles as "Nasha linbinaya Babushka."—"Our well-beloved Granny." She is also often called "Russia's Grand Old Woman."

Now, at the age of sixty-one, she is actively at work organising and lecturing to bring about the freedom of the Russian people. She has just returned from America on her way to the Continent.

Twice she was exiled to the terrible mines at Kara, and then, at the end of her second penal term, she became a forced colonist at the wretched Buriat settlement at Selenginsk. There she spent years without another educated woman within a hundred miles and under constant police supervision. No sister was she or more a free woman than she again devoted herself to her life's work of winning reform for her countrymen.

Strangely enough, it was one of the first steps towards freedom in Russia which started Mme. Breshkovskaya upon her work of reform. As a child and a young girl, the daughter of a nobleman, she was brought up with liberal ideas, and at the age of sixteen she opened a school on her father's estate.

TOO GENEROUS.

But before this she had shown signs that her early training was bearing fruit. Her mother had taught her to be compassionate of the sufferings of others. One evening, as quite a child, she had had a lesson on the subject, and the very next morning she met a shivering little one of her own age and promptly gave away her own cloak.

This impulsive generosity was rebuked, and the rebuke set her thinking seriously. Serious reading followed as a matter of course, and she had soon read widely of the misdeeds of the Kossaks.

Soon after, in the year 1861, came the emancipation of the serfs, and the most terrible sufferings followed. With these she came closely in contact through her school.

For centuries the serf had had his plot of land, and was fully aware that both he and it belonged to his master, who could not part them, and could sell them only together. Directly he heard that he was freed by the Emancipation Act, he naturally believed that his plot of land was freed too.

What really happened was that directly the Act came into force the landowner ordered the peasant—now no longer a serf—off his fertile ancestral plot and graciously permitted him to starve upon some barren strip of the poorest land.

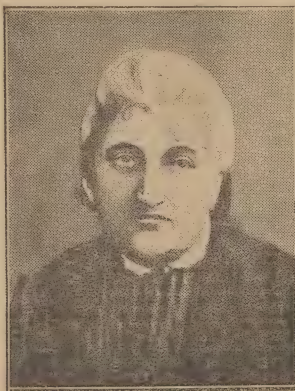
The peasants refused to leave their homes, and the most terrible cruelty followed. The means of coercion used were brutal in the extreme. To tell what happened in Mme. Breshkovskaya's own

words, as quoted in the "Anglo-Russian," a paper devoted to the cause of Russian reform:

"Troops were quartered in the peasants' huts, homes were starved, old people were beaten by drunkards, daughters were raped. The peasants became more wild, and then began the flogging. In a village near ours, where they refused to leave their plots, they were driven into line in the village street; every tenth man was called out and flogged with the knout; some died. Two weeks later, as they still held out, every fifth man was flogged."

"The poor, ignorant creatures still held desperately to what they considered their rights; again the line, and now every man was dragged forward to the flogging. This process lasted five years all over Russia, until at last, bleeding and exhausted, the peasants gave in."

"The peasants thronged to our house day and night. Many were carried in crippled by the knout; sobbing wives told of husbands killed before their eyes. Often the poor wretches literally wallowed, clasping my father's knees, begging him to read



Mme. BRESHKOVSKAYA.

again the manifesto, and find it was a mistake, beseeching him to search for help in that mysterious region—the Law Court."

That is how the white-haired old lady was first turned to revolution by brutal reform. Nor have the agonies she has suffered for her cause deflected her one atom from her course.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND ITS MEMBERS. 1768-1830. By the late J. E. Hodgson, R.A., and Fred A. Easton, M.A. Murray, 21s. With excellent portraits and illustrations.

POND ADVENTURES, by Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan, 6s. Four stories of the Middle Ages or, to use the author's own phrase, "of the Youth of the World." It is rather late in the day to draw attention to the fact that Mr. Hewlett wrote excellent short stories.

THE SELECTED WORKS OF MILLE RIENGO ON CROCHET, KNITTING, AND LACE. Edited and revised by Mrs. Riders Turberville. Horace Cox, 2s. 6d. net. The more man is rather puzzled by such reading as the following:—16 chain; turn, miss 7, 1 single in the eighth stitch of it, leaving 5 chain, turn, 5 chain, 4 long in the round loop, join to the sixth stitch of the 10 plain of the edging. This refers to the making of Irish crochet lace.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

George's eyes were memory-filled. "At Valetta"—he repeated.

But he was again interrupted, this time by Miss Maria. "Oh, spare us that story, George," she snapped. "It's quite enough that I have to put up with Valetta as the name of this house."

"I was only about to say," observed George mildly, "that I quite agree with brother John."

Neither of the two old men were in the least conscious that their opinions had been formed for them by Miss Maria, but she was very much on the subject of courting, so openly expressed the day before, had made an impression which was now asserting itself. Miss Maria, however, adopted their views as original, and, as usual, took the other side.

"You needn't worry your heads about these things," she said, with a sapient nod. "Leave the young people to manage their own affairs. I expect they know more about love-making than two old fogies like you."

"Why didn't Jack dine here last night as he promised?" asked Jack's father viciously. "Instead of doing so he must needs go into Plymouth with Grant Malcolm—to the theatre or something of the kind, he tells me. I've hated that dog soundly this morning. If he'd been a junior officer on my ship I'd—I'd—" The old sailor broke off, for his voice was drowned by Miss Maria's laughter.

"What did Jack say?" she asked. "Was he terrified?"

"No, he laughed—the puppy—and said he was coming over to make his peace with Kitty. I expect he's with her now—mooning about on the shore."

"She went out alone," said George Hallows, "but, of course, she has gone to meet Jack. It will be all right, brother; I'm sure it will be all right." He echoed Miss Maria's opinions with commendable promptitude.

"I'll tell you what I think all is well," said that good lady in softer tone. "I spoke to Kitty last night, and put the question to her bluntly. 'Do

you love each other,' I said, 'as much as two young people who are going to be married ought to do?' Kitty blushed, and said they had been talking about their marriage that very afternoon. You see—" Miss Maria looked at her brothers severely—"that's what they were busy with when you two old fools thought they ought to have been kissing and cuddling each other. Kitty said that Jack took the engagement as quite an accepted thing, that he even spoke of having looked upon her as his little wife in nursery days—in fact, when they were toddlers—that's the very word that Kitty used—toddlers. So what more can we want? If they are content, there's no earthly reason why we should not be content too, and all that remains is to fix on the wedding day."

"This is good news," said Admiral George. "I'm glad you spoke to Kitty, Maria. What do you say, brother?"

Admiral John had no intention of showing his pleasure so quickly. "I shall speak to Jack myself," he said stiffly. "I still think he's backward in his courtship. Why, with a girl like Kitty—dammé, what more does the boy want?"

"Do you expect him to fondle her with you looking on?" cried Miss Maria with fine disdain. "Kitty spoke of that, too. She says that she and Jack are hardly ever really alone. Either one or the other is always bustling on the scene when he isn't wanted—just to see how things are progressing." As a matter of fact, Miss Maria had been the greatest offender in this respect, but she had an aptitude for ignoring that which she did not wish to remember.

"It was you who used the telescope yesterday, Maria," he hazarded Admiral John, mildly. She silenced him with a glance. "The telescope is different," she snapped. "When we use the telescope they don't know that they are being watched."

The younger brother thought it well to change the subject. "I don't like long delays over this sort of thing," he observed softly, turning his eyes to Kitty. "Life has to be made of his own marriage, which had been deferred and deferred again owing to Violet's broken health, and which in the end had

IN MY GARDEN.

Hints for Those Whose Garden Plots Are Only Window-Boxes.

APRIL 7.—Winter again! Snow covers the garden this morning. Astonished daffodils, primroses, hyacinths peep from it. But it is not beautiful snow—it is shame-faced.

Town-dwellers, who are not blessed with gardens, can get a great deal of pleasure out of window-boxes. In them seeds of candytuft, Virginian stock, marigolds, and nasturtiums may now be sown. Next month geraniums, marguerites, fuchsias, etc., can be planted out. Window-boxes should be filled with good soil, and must be watered very carefully.

Although spring-flowering bulbs have been forced in the greenhouse or grown in a living-room window cannot be used again for the same purpose, it is a mistake to throw them away. Let them stand after they have flowered in a cool place for a few weeks, and then plant them out in the garden. Hyacinths treated in this way will another year still throw up spikes—smaller, it is true, but yet useful for picking.

The most beautiful flowers that decorate town and country gardens late in the year are undoubtedly the early-flowering chrysanthemums. These plants bloom from September until the end of November.

From now onwards plants can be procured and planted in ordinary garden soil. Old roots should be dug up and the outlying portions cut off and replanted. These young plants will produce fine blooms. E. F. T.

UNPOPULAR PIETY.

Curious Play About St. Francis of Assisi and His Followers.

Give me the worldly life if all monastic life is such as was portrayed in "The First Franciscans" at St. George's Hall last night.

The play was given by the Elizabethan Stage Society, and deals with two episodes in the life of St. Francis of Assisi. It shows the first night within the lute, so to speak. Some of the Franciscan friars wished to live a less ascetic life, and the sympathy of the audience went out to them. Not because of their defection from St. Francis. But because they spoke and stood and behaved like rational beings.

The loyal section of the friars were positively objectionable. They snivelled and whined throughout the play, and adopted the most grotesque gestures and postures. There was no spark of manliness in their holiness. No puling infant could have crammed so many tears and querulous tones into so small a space. One was not surprised to hear during the play that people were in the habit of throwing stones at them. It is rather surprising that they were allowed about in the streets at all.

Miss Minto, as a peasant girl, was charming and natural. We should like to have seen her more frequently on the stage to deliver the sermons somewhat, and to show us a little real life. L. W.

never taken place at all. "Don't you think they might be married soon—now that Jack is at home?"

"Why not?" echoed the elder man. "Why not? I'll tell Jack to-night, and if he's not grateful I'll know the reason why."

"What do you say, Maria?" The question rose simultaneously to the two pairs of lips. It would have been fatal for the brothers to come to any decision without consulting Miss Maria.

Certainly I think they should be married without undue delay. This was the prompt reply. On this occasion contradiction was impossible. Miss Maria desired the marriage too ardently. She was devoted to Kitty, and the wish of her life was to see the girl married to Jack in order that, in the fulness of time, there should be a fitting inheritance for her little fortune. This inheritance, so often dreamed of, would be a true Hallows, and would unite himself—Miss Maria had quite decided on an heir male—all that was dearest to her in the world.

Her thoughts turned now to the subject of the marriage. She drew up a chair between those occupied by her brothers, and let herself go with a freedom which she rarely manifested. She had much to say on the subject—manifold advice to give. The bride's dress—that was all-important; but, of course, it was useless talking of such a subject to mere men—two such essentially helpless ones, too, as her brothers. She would have to consult with Kitty.

The brothers listened and hazarded remarks here and there, and remarks which were usually met with scornful derision, though neither one nor the other was in any way abashed by the snubbing he received.

"Six bridesmaids is the right number—not eight, George; though perhaps we might have a page or

(Continued on page 13.)

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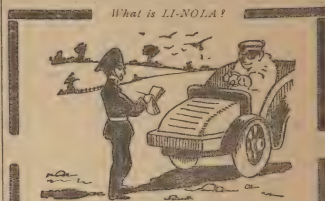
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Each one of the above three lines of figures spells the name of a great city in the United Kingdom. This is a brand new puzzle, and can be solved with a little study as follows:—There are twenty-two letters in the alphabet and we have used figures in spelling the names instead of letters; letter A being number 1, B number 2, C number 3, and so on throughout the entire alphabet.

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PRIZE AWARD.

THE WINNER IN "DICK'S DIARY" COMPETITION.

I am glad to announce that the winner of the prize of 5s. for the picture in the last instalment of "Dick's Diary" is—

WILLIE F. M. EDWARDS,
34, Victoria-street, S.W.

He has been judged second more than once in the competitions, so you see he has followed that excellent rule: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again," with a splendid result.

Other children who have sent in exceedingly good drawings are: D. Dorrell, Florence Saunders, and B. H. Mawson. I have again to thank the number of young readers for the delightful letters they have written to me, and only wish I had space to mention them all by name.

THE NEW COMPETITION.

Last week it was hinted that the new competition would probably have something to do with the Zoological Gardens. And so it has!

Why the Animals Don't Look Right.

On this page will be seen three interesting, but rather curious looking, animals. What is the matter with them? They look incomplete, which is precisely what they are. I want you children all and dear to fill them in, and so make them look quite right. No animal would like his portrait to appear so unfinished, would he? I am sure Mr. Giraffe, if you were to take his likeness to the Zoological Gardens, and say to him, "There, Mr. Giraffe, what do you think of that? Isn't it a speaking likeness?" would say, "My head has a top to it, my poor child. What an ignorant person you must be."

What the Elephant Would Say.

Then, if you went on to that part of the Gardens where Mr. Rhinoceros lives, and showed him this page, he would say: "You little silly! I should be ashamed to be a rhinoceros without a tusk and a lower jaw." And as for the elephant, I know what he would exclaim!

He would roar out something that would sound like: "How am I to eat buns without a trunk to pick them up with, and do you suppose I can carry you on my back without hind legs? And, besides, where in the world is my tail?"

So what I want you to promise is that you will not show the *Daily Mirror* to the Zoological Gardens animals until you have made their pictures look handsome, because you know we all like being rather flattered in our portraits, don't we? and I feel sure animals like it, too.

How to Make Handsome Beasts.

Will you please give the giraffe everything he ought to have at the top of his head, and the rhinoceros all he requires to make his very peculiar style of beauty appealing, and the poor dear elephant his trunk, his hind legs, and his tail?

This may be done in pencil or in ink, and I also want you to colour the beasts with your crayons, so that I may know you don't think an elephant is a big red creature, a giraffe a bright blue one, and a rhinoceros pink.

Now I know there are some children who can't draw to save their lives. I am one of those. If the artist who drew the animals on this page were to say to me, "Now, Derry-down-Derry (which is my name, you must know, because I love to see little folks merry), unless you can fill in these beasts properly, and colour them with your chalks, properly, too, you must starve, for I shall see that you have no dinner for a week," I should reply, "Please, let me have all breakfasts and teas, then, for, indeed, I really can't draw so much as a straight line."

But if he were to relent and to say, "Then perhaps if you can't draw, you can write; and if you will write me a story on a postcard about one of these beasts, I will forgive you," I should answer,

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

a couple of little girls to scatter flowers." Thus Miss Maria propounded her views. "And if they are married next month—October—I think the bridesmaids should wear cream cloth dresses with a touch of red. Yes, I am sure that would look very pretty. And I've thought of something else, brothers, something of the greatest importance. I think you'll say I'm right."

"What is that, Maria?" The two old men drew their chairs closer. They were deeply interested.

"Why, of course, Kitty will not be able to be with her husband always. A sailor cannot expect it. But we don't want Kitty to be far away from us. Now, I happen to know that there's a plot of land for sale between this house and John's upon which one could build a house that would be ideally suitable for Jack and Kitty. I can see it in my mind's eye; it has been a pet scheme of mine, though I've never spoken of it before. What do you think, brothers? Land, house, furniture—all that a young couple can need—there's a wedding present for you!"

"Oh, thank you, dear, kind Mr. Artist. I will write you a story. For I can look in books and read tales and then write them out on a postcard." "Only it will have to be a very short tale," Mr. Artist would retort, "and you must tell me what book it comes out of on the postcard."

And that is what I say to you, children, who cannot draw. Write me a story about one of the animals, out of a book, or what anybody has told you, and I will give the best one a prize.

A prize of 5s. is offered for the best filling and colouring of the animals on this page.

A prize of 2s. 6d. is offered for the best story of one of the animals, any one, written on a postcard.

I give the 2s. 6d. for the postcard and the 5s. for the drawing because I consider the drawing far more difficult than finding and writing the story. Next week perhaps I shall reverse the order of the prizes, but we shall see.

When and Where To Send.

All drawings and all postcards must be addressed the Children's Corner, the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., and must reach us by Thursday morning's first post, April 13. Names and addresses and also ages of the competitors must be affixed to each of the pictures and written on each of the postcards. I want thousands of competitors, and I hope school-children will be allowed to compete by their masters and mistresses, who will agree with me that this Zoological puzzle will teach their charges something—Your friend,
DERRY-DOWN-DERRY.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A small piece of camphor dropped into the reservoir of a paraffin lamp will prevent smoke or smell, and help to give a most brilliant light.

Rub a drop of olive-oil on knives and forks that are to be put away, and they will retain their brightness and be found free from rust when required again.

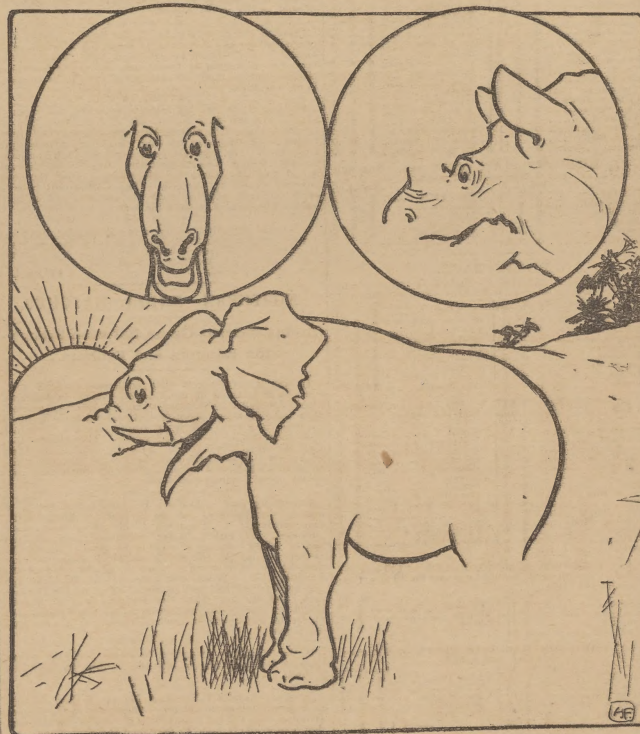
A simple method of cleaning suede gloves is to rub them with some hot, dried flour when they are on the hands, using a piece of new white flannel for the purpose.

Medicine stains upon linen may be removed by putting three teaspoonful of borax to two gallons of water in the copper, and boiling the linen in the ordinary way.

Unslaked lime or plaster of Paris mixed with the white of egg to the consistency of cream will produce an excellent home-made cement for mending broken china.

Potatoes may be prevented from turning black after they are cooked by being peeled and put into water for an hour or two before they are cooked, or even overnight.

If the stems of maidenhair fern are plunged into boiling water for about a minute before they are arranged in flower vases, they will last a long time, and, indeed, will keep quite fresh and green for over a week.



Look at these poor dear animals! One has lost his trunk, another has no tusk, and the third hasn't got any top to his head. Read what Derry-down-Derry wants you to do to make handsome beasts of them, and to gain prizes for your pains.

It was indeed a grand project, and the brothers had much to say on the subject. The three old people, their chairs drawn closely together, discussed it from every aspect, agreeing to this, vetoing that, quarrelling over details, but withal supremely happy. Brother John, as the eldest, carried his point that there should be a little tower with a look-out room—there was no such tower at "Valetta." Brother George insisted upon a telescope in the garden, and as for Miss Maria, if truth be told, her thoughts were for the apportioning of the nursery.

As evening closed in everything was settled—the date of the wedding, the guests who were to be invited, even the hymns that were to be sung. Moreover, the house was built, furnished, and ready for occupation. It was as Brother George was descending upon the possibility of panelling a room with ship-timber that there came a light step over the lawn, and Kitty herself appeared at the open window. In the twilight the old people did not see her pale face or realise that her manners were unwontedly subdued.

"We've been talking about you, Kitten," said Admiral George with a happy chuckle.

"About me?" Kitty gazed from one to the other.

"Yes. We have been settling everything for you, since you young people are so slow about coming to the point," cried Admiral John bluffly.

"What have you been settling?" Even to herself Kitty's voice sounded choked and unnatural.

Three voices answered her in unison. "Your marriage, of course."

There was a pause. The old people breathlessly awaited Kitty's reply. It came at last.

"You mustn't do that." The girl's voice was cold.

"It is very kind, but—oughtn't you to be certain first that there is to be a marriage? Shouldn't you ask me? Shouldn't you ask Jack?"

She stifled a sob in her throat. "Ask Jack," she repeated.

The next moment she was gone. Brothers and sister looked at each other in silence without stirring from their seats. Then Admiral John brought his fist down heavily upon the fragile chess table, splitting it across.

"Damn!" he cried.

And Miss Maria raised no protest.

(To be continued.)

DRESSES 1/-

WEEKLY. Tailor-made Costumes, from 25/- Skirts, Blouses, Boots, Drapery, &c. Delivered on Small Deposit. Perfect Fit guaranteed. Changes, alterations, and new American Self-measurement Forms post free. No objection, able inquiries. Quick delivery. Write Dept. 191.
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Non-Flam

WHAT THE CORONER SAID.

At an inquest recently, the Coroner remarked that "if manufacturers would not fireproof flannelette for humanity's sake, they ought to be compelled to do so." No less than 60 to 70 per cent. of the burning fatalities last year were the direct result of wearing inflammable flannelettes. You can get over hard facts, but you CAN avoid all risks by wearing "NON-FLAM"—the only flannelette which is thoroughly fireproof. "Non-Flam" will not flash into flame; it merely smoulders and goes out immediately when light is withdrawn. Its fire-resisting properties are retained even after repeated washings. The same process which renders "Non-Flam" fireproof makes it at the same time thoroughly aseptic. Disease germs cannot live upon it. Why wear ordinary flannelette? "Non-Flam" offers protection. "Non-Flam" is for adults as well as children. Recommended by the Press, by Coroners and the faculty. Test "Non-Flam" at OUR expense. Send postcard for a Free Sample. Patented—"NON-FLAM," Desk 46, Aylton-street, MANCHESTER.

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Soap News

We are all of one mind; Fels-Naptha makes wash-day half. And that's only half the news.

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SNOW STOPS RACING AT PONTEFRAC.

Muriel II. Wins the Leicestershire Spring Plate—A Successful Apprentice.

"GREY FRIARS" SELECTIONS.

Winter has very suddenly reappeared. Snow fell in various parts of the country yesterday—some at Newmarket hindered racing operations, and the downfall in the north was so heavy that racing was impracticable at Pontefract. The programme fixed at the latter place has been postponed till to-day.

Racing took place at Leicester under very disagreeable conditions. Rain fell, and it was bitterly cold. The course became soft and slushy and upsetting. Comparatively few persons were seen in the enclosures. The sport was of the average class known there, and backers led off very well with the favourites in the first two races.

None runners went to the post for the Leicestershire Spring Handicap, Lucinda, who represented Mr. Charles Hibbert in preference to Scotch Dillon, was made a good favourite at 7 to 4 against, but Thunderbolt, who was running over his best distance, had plenty of friends. Halsey, who scored on Union Jack last year, was again successful, his mount to-day being on Muriel II.

Muriel II. was, however, lucky to go, as the bottomweight, Isterio, the property of W. G. Stevens, led everywhere but on the post, and was handicapped by his jockey, who looked like falling off at the finish. The favourite was ridden by Cecil Dillon, who had reduced his weight 6 lb., but she was in difficulties a quarter of a mile from home, and finished fourth. Coxcomb failed to make another mile in Lincoln defeat, and occupied but third place.

F. W. Hardy, who three years ago rode a number of important winners, including Scipio in the Doncaster St. Leger, yesterday, for the first time, was seen in the popular straw jacket of the Duke of Devonshire on Aggie Billy, in the Glen Selling Plate. The filly was afterwards sold to his Grace's trainer, West Goodwin, for the small sum of seven guineas.

Evans, who won the Stand Selling Race on Magic Lad, scored his first win. He is apprenticed to Sam Coates for three years, and he rode at the nice weight of 5 st. 9 lb., though he is nineteen years of age. He formerly served an apprenticeship of five years with Mr. J. Cannon. Having ridden the filly, he scored in the Apprentices' Plate on W. Waugh's Puzza Lene. The name is Hungarian for Common Girl, and the filly being common—Royalists, the apprentice aptly named her. The name was a severe blow to backers, who laid 11 to 8 on Romulus, who had run a good race with Falconet at Warwick, but Mr. Lindemere's representative could finish only third.

The City and Suburban alone came in for attention at the clubs yesterday. At the City, the South Sea was nominal favourite, but there was more money in circulation for Andover and Ambition. Bar the eight favourites, 1,000 to 1 were offered for the filly, and after that figure had occasionally been taken about Bushy Boy and Catgut. Palmy Days, General Cronje, and the Leicestershire disappointment, Grey Green, failed to elicit support.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| 2.35—Highgate Stakes—PROFIT COLT. | 5 furlongs. |
| 3.40—Alexandra Handicap—HENLEY. | 1 mile. |
| 4.10—County Handicap—AMBROSE. | 1 mile. |
| 4.40—Middlesex Plate—PONTFRAC. | 1 mile. |

SPECIAL SELECTION.

LEACH. GREY FRIARS.

PLACED HORSES AND PRICES AT LEICESTER.

| | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 2.0—WORKSHOP MAIDEN PLATE. | Five furlongs. 7 ran. |
| 1—LADY MADCAP, 3yrs, 9st 10lb. | 4 to 7 |
| 2—CHAMBRAY, 3yrs, 9st 5lb. | 4 to 7 |
| 3—ERMAK, 3yrs, 9st 5lb. Cannon | 100 to 8 |
| 4—MORRIS, 3yrs, 9st 5lb. Cannon | 100 to 8 |
| 2.30—GLEN SELLING PLATE, for two-year-olds. | Four furlongs. 14 ran. |
| 1—DOON WATER, 2yrs, 11lb. | 3 to 1 |
| 2—MELROTH, 2yrs, 11lb. | 3 to 1 |
| 3—NUNNEY, 2yrs, 11lb. | 100 to 7 |
| 4—MELROTH, 2yrs, 11lb. | 100 to 7 |
| 3.0—LEICESTERSHIRE SPRING HANDICAP PLATE. | One mile and a quarter. 9 ran. |
| 1—MURIEL II, 3yrs, 8st 10lb. | 1 to 1 |
| 2—ISTERIO, 3yrs, 8st 10lb. | 10 to 1 |
| 3—COXCOMB, 3yrs, 8st 10lb. | 10 to 1 |
| 4—MURIEL II, 3yrs, 8st 10lb. | 10 to 1 |
| 3.30—STAND SELLING PLATE. | One mile. 6 ran. |
| 1—MAGIC LAD, 3yrs, 7st 2lb. | 6 to 4 |
| 2—MIBB BLUICH, 4yrs, 7st. | 6 to 4 |
| 3—SUSSED, 3yrs, 7st 1lb. | 5 to 1 |
| 4—MIBB BLUICH, 4yrs, 7st. | 5 to 1 |
| 4.0—APPRENTICES' PLATE. | One mile and three furlongs. 5 ran. |
| 1—PUZZA LEANY, 3yrs, 12lb. | 5 to 1 |
| 2—BOLT AWEY, 3yrs, 7st 1lb. | 7 to 2 |
| 3—ROMULUS, 3yrs, 7st 1lb. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—ROMULUS, 3yrs, 7st 1lb. | 8 to 1 |
| 4.30—WIGSTON PLATE (Handicap). | Seven furlongs. 11 ran. |
| 1—CAPOT, 3yrs, 8st. | 7 to 1 |
| 2—CLOVERLEY, 3yrs, 8st. | 7 to 1 |
| 3—MARTINA, 3yrs, 8st. | 100 to 8 |
| 4—MARTINA, 3yrs, 8st. | 100 to 8 |

The fire which broke out at Mr. Robson's stables at Leicestershire Regis on Thursday caused much excitement. Fortunately, however, the training was at home at the time of the outbreak, which was speedily subdued without causing injury to any of the racehorses. The damage done will probably not exceed £200.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME. ALEXANDRA PARK.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| 2.0—JUVENILE PLATE of 100 sovs. for two-year-olds. | Five furlongs. |
| 1—ROYAL DUCHESSE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—FATHER BLIND f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—AGROVE THURSDAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—LEIGH f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 2.35—HIGHGATE STAKES of 3 sovs each for starters, with 100 sovs added, for two-year-olds. | Five furlongs. |
| 1—PROFESSOR f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—CELEBRITY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—KORD KID f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—JOHN WICH f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—COLINA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—WATFORD f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—SIR BEN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—BULLHOUND f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—SAUCERY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—BONHOMME f. | 8 to 1 |
| 11—GONDIBERT f. | 8 to 1 |
| 12—SYBIL PRIMROSE f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 3.5—PRIORY BELLING PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile. | |
| 1—ABURY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—AGROVE GOBIN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—ARADIA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—ABSWOT NOTHINGS f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 3.40—ALEXANDRA HANDICAP of 300 sovs. One mile and a quarter. | |
| 1—MURIEL II f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—THE GINGALES f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—DILEMMA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—STRENGTH f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—BARTON GODDARD f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—KATE CARW f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—KATE CARW f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—KATE CARW f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—KATE CARW f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—KATE CARW f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 4.10—COUNTY HANDICAP of 200 sovs. Five furlongs. | |
| 1—GOODREST f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—KORSAAGE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—AMROUSE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—TIRANOS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—CHICORY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—FLO DE SE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—CHERRY AGNES f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—ST. DONATE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—PRINCESS JESSIE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—PRINCESS JESSIE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 11—PRINCESS JESSIE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 12—PRINCESS JESSIE f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 4.40—MIDDLESEX PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile and a half. | |
| 1—VIBRANT f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—KIRKBY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—DE WIT f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—MORRIS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—IVAN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—DOXA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—DOXA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—DOXA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—DOXA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—DOXA f. | 8 to 1 |

PONTFRAC.

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|--|--------|
| 1.45—SELLING HANDICAP PLATE of 150 sovs. Winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs. | |
| 1—AMARAL f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—ALRITATE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—ALRITATE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—ALRITATE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—ALRITATE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—ALRITATE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—ALRITATE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—ALRITATE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—ALRITATE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—ALRITATE f. | 8 to 1 |

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|--|--------|
| 2.15—VICTORIA PLATE of 150 sovs. for two-year-olds. Four furlongs and 103 yards. | |
| 1—OTERIA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—MORTALIS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—COMUNICACION f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—RED RUSH f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—PORT ELLER f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—SCOTCH HOP f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—FAIRY DANCE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—FLOUTING MAC f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—ITALIA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—CHAMMAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 11—LOREY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 12—LOREY f. | 8 to 1 |

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|---|--------|
| 2.45—JUVENILE SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs. for two-year-olds; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Four furlongs and 103 yards. | |
| 1—ATLAS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—CALLUM f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—ADEL f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—ADEL f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—ADEL f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—ADEL f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—ADEL f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—ADEL f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—ADEL f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—ADEL f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 3.15—CARLETON HANDICAP PLATE of 200 sovs. One mile and a half. | |
| 1—HAREFIELD f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—ORRAGE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—SARAH f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—COLDRA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—THREMBALL f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—IDDO f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—IDDO f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—IDDO f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—IDDO f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—IDDO f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 3.45—ALEXANDRA WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile and a quarter. | |
| 1—THOR f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—FAIRY SCENE f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—CHARMUS f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—NIGHTSWAN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—BOSS CROTOR f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—BOSS CROTOR f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—BOSS CROTOR f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—BOSS CROTOR f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—BOSS CROTOR f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—BOSS CROTOR f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 4.10—PARK (Apprentice) PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile and a quarter. | |
| 1—JOHN JOSHUA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—LOTHIAN KING f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—HUGH LARSEN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—WINTERFLOO f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—KINGWATER f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—QUEEN'S OWN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 4.30—PARK (Apprentice) PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile and a quarter. | |
| 1—JOHN JOSHUA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—LOTHIAN KING f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—HUGH LARSEN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—WINTERFLOO f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—KINGWATER f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—QUEEN'S OWN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 4.30—PARK (Apprentice) PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile and a quarter. | |
| 1—JOHN JOSHUA f. | 8 to 1 |
| 2—LOTHIAN KING f. | 8 to 1 |
| 3—HUGH LARSEN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 4—WINTERFLOO f. | 8 to 1 |
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| 9—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |

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| 4.30—PARK (Apprentice) PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile and a quarter. | |
| 1—JOHN JOSHUA f. | 8 to 1 |
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| 3—HUGH LARSEN f. | 8 to 1 |
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| 10—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |

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|---|--------|
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| 4—WINTERFLOO f. | 8 to 1 |
| 5—KINGWATER f. | 8 to 1 |
| 6—QUEEN'S OWN f. | 8 to 1 |
| 7—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 8—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 9—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |
| 10—ALLIE GOURIAY f. | 8 to 1 |

FOOTBALL FINALS. Dunn Cup, Amateur Cup, and Ireland v. Wales Chief of To-day's Matches.

With the England and Scotland match decided last Saturday, the only big match down for decision to-day in England outside the League competitions is the final of the Amateur Cup. In this Clapton (champions of the South) and West Hartlepool (the survivors of the Northern division) will meet at Shepherd's Bush.

In Scotland there is the final of the Scottish Cup between Glasgow Rangers and Third Lanark, and this should give the Rangers yet another Cup victory. The East of Scotland Shield final between "Hearts" and "Hibs" will also be played.

At Belfast Ireland met Wales in international rivalry. Ireland drew with England and lost to Scotland, and Wales to England and beat Scotland, so that form points to the victory of Wales; but, as the match is to be played at Belfast, it should prove a hard struggle.

The League matches were fully dealt with by "Thistle" in yesterday's paper. The chief interest lies in the match between Everton and Stoke in the Potteries. Should Stoke win, they will do Newcastle United a good turn, as the latter are almost sure to defeat Nottingham Forest at Newcastle. Such a result, too, will almost inevitably send the Forest down into the Second Division in company with Notts County.

In the Southern League the chief interest lies in the doings of Reading, Southampton, and Bristol Rovers. The last-named are at home to West Ham, and not many lastly secure both points, but Reading may surprise the Southampton by a splendid ride to Cobham. The disappointing Queen's Park Rangers on their best behaviour at Park Royal. It may be remembered that the Rovers will have a valuable débacle on the Rangers' ground earlier in the season.

Chief of the other matches is the local "Derby" between Fulham and Brentford at Brentford, in which some capital football should be witnessed. The "Spurs" should beat New Brompton at Tottenham, and in the remaining fixtures may be anticipated for the home team in each instance.

Writing of the two big amateur matches, "Templar" says:—In the final tie for the Arthur Dunn Cup at Queen's Club, Old Carthusians are playing Old Redoubt. The Carthusians are playing Old Redoubt in the Cup, which they won last year, beating Old Rosalians in London at the present time. The Carthusians are a good side, but where the Rosalians failed they can scarcely expect to succeed. The Carthusians have a superb goal, a very good back, and at half-back. The kick-off is fixed for 3.30.

"Amateur Cuplets are not very exhilarating things as a rule, but the play today at Shepherd's Bush in West Hartlepool v. Clapton should furnish a hard game. Clapton have got together a good side, and ought to bring the Cup South."

NORTHERN UNION MATCHES.

To-day's Great Game Between Broughton Rangers and Oldham.

It was generally felt that Oldham sacrificed their chances of bringing off the "double event" in Northern Union football last Saturday when, on their own ground, they bungled many opportunities and allowed Bradford to effect a draw, and so it proved for the Yorkshire club made no mistake in the replay. Thus deprived of Cup honours, Oldham will have to concentrate their efforts on the acquisition of the League championship, and to secure which will be no light task, albeit they presently enjoy a substantial lead.

Everything else in to-day's League programme is, of course, overshadowed by the Broughton Rangers-Oldham encounter at White's Field, where, as we have supposed, the rather sparse accommodation will not nearly suffice for the thousands of people anxious to attend the match, the result of which will be decided directly on the existing situation at the head of the League table. Wednesday's disaster at Park Avenue can hardly have had an auspicious effect on the Oldham men, and the fact that the Rangers won at Water-sheddings earlier in the season is also not calculated to create confidence in Oldham's capacity to win this afternoon.

It should not be forgotten, however, that last season Oldham lost at home, but beat the Rangers on their own ground.

Bradford have a fairly easy journey to-day, for, although St. Helens, in danger of relegation to the Second Division, will try for points with the energy of despair, they can scarcely hope to overcome the champions.

None of the remaining matches call for comment, save that Salford's visit to Warrington should produce an interesting game. To their respective followers, of course, the results of the matches in which Swinton, Bradford, and Leeds are engaged will be fraught with tremendous import, for to them just now it is decidedly a case of touch and go.

Far-reaching proposals are in the air as to the re-organisation of the League, but as yet nothing definite has been evolved.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

The Hammersmith District Football League and Alliance will run four divisions next season.

The Oxford and Cambridge Inter-Varsity golf match will take place at Sunningdale on Wednesday, April 23.

The London Athletic Club's evening meeting, originally fixed for the 19th inst., has been abandoned, as the new Stamford Bridge ground will not be quite ready on the date mentioned.

At the Crystal Palace to-day the Amateur Athletic Association's ten miles running (holder, A. Shrubb, now in New Zealand) and 20 miles walking championships (holder, G. E. Lerner) will be decided. Lerner, for the walk, and Aldridge, for the run, are first favourites.

The annual lacrosse match between North and South will be played at Lord's Cricket Ground this afternoon. Everything points to a fine exhibition of the game, and the South team, who last year lost only by 3-4, have an excellent chance of placing a win to their credit, although since the inauguration of the match in 1877 the North have a large preponderance of wins. Play commences at three o'clock.

THE CITY. Consols Fall to 91—Strong American Market—2s. Premium on Associated Newspapers Shares.

Consols Fall to 91—Strong American Market—2s. Premium on Associated Newspapers Shares.

CAPITAL COURT, Friday Evening—There has been only a small business on the Stock Exchange to-day, and the tendency has been very irregular. Consols have fallen away to 91, and the market is talking of General Election prospects. The new 2½ per cent. Consols were also offered. There were excellent Board of Trade returns, and it looked as though the home railway market would be improved thereby, but the tendency was too good, and several of the leading stocks were offered.

An active and strong American market was one of the features of the Stock Exchange to-day, and close was made at the best prices. Most of the leading shares put on substantial improvements. Steel issues were well bought. Ironworks were lukewarm, but the market was helped by talk of coming good crop statements on Monday.

Paris Sells Favourites.

Canadian Pacific's shares strongly and touched 159½ in the Street. Grand Trunks were dull. Argentine Railways were offered. The Rosario report and the new capital proposals were not liked. Great Southern were also offered on £3,000,000 of new capital and a half-yearly report, which indicated that the maize crop would show a considerable falling off. Meatsan Ramsay was offered on an accident on the line blocking the traffic.

CYCLING CLUB RUNS.

In connection with their run to Nazing Common this afternoon, the Beaumont are holding a free-wheel contest among the members. The Polytechnic anticipate a record, as the Beaumont are holding a free-wheel contest among the members. The Polytechnic anticipate a record, as the Beaumont are holding a free-wheel contest among the members.

Riding via Colindale and the pretty by-lanes of Kingsbury and Pinner, the Stanley destination will be Rickmansworth, where the Beaumont will assemble at Finchley at four o'clock. One of the most prosperous clubs in London at the present time is the Daily News C.C., which, as the title implies, has a large number of members of various daily newspapers. The club, which still maintains its two sections, has a very attractive list of fixtures has been arranged by the committee. This afternoon the northern division will ride to Ware, via Essendon, and the southern half to Merstham.

Anerley will meet at Purley and follow out an interesting run through Caterham Valley, Wokingham, and Botley Hill to Tatsfield, the return ride being by way of Watlington. The Unity are wheeling to St. Albans, Emsbury Park, and North London to Tottenham. Fulham to Richmond, Brixton Ramblers to Blechingley, Brighton Road to Cobham, Kingdingle to Hoddeston, South London to Tottenham, and Towlers, Stride to Ewell, Glen to Addington, Raleigh to Gostdown, Merry Hearts to Shoreham, Southern to Richmond, Hornsey to Broxbourne, and Essex Ramblers to Rainham.

The Beaumont Motor Club will meet at Woodford at four o'clock for a run to Nazing Common.

VICTORY FOR LORD BRACKLEY'S TEAM.

PORT OF SPAIN (Trinidad), Thursday—In a cricket match played here to-day between Lord Brackley's eleven and a team representing all Trinidad the home eleven won by five wickets.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

Association. Belfast: Ireland v. Wales.

THE LEAGUE—Division I. Manchester C. v. Woolwich A. Sheffield U. v. Sheffield W. Middlesbrough v. Aston Villa. Stoke v. Everton. Newcastle U. v. Small Heath. Wolverhampton v. Derby C. Notts C. v. Sunderland. Walsley v. Walsley. Preston N.E. v. Blackburn R.

Division II. Blackpool v. Chesterfield. Gainsboro' v. W. Mch'ls U. Burnley v. Lincoln City. Bradford City v. Bradford City. Burton U. v. Bristol City. Liverpool v. Burnley P. V. Doncaster Rovers v. A.L.C. v. F.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE. Portsmouth v. Watford. Bristol R. v. West Ham U. Northampton v. Plymouth A. Brentford v. Fulham. Q. P. R. v. Southampton. Millwall v. Wellingtonborough. Brighton H. A. v. Reading.

Reading Res. v. Brighton R. West Ham R. v. Wycombe Watford R. v. Portsmouth R. Wanderers.

Woolwich A. R. v. Clapton U. Fulham R. v. Brentford R. Glasgow v. Glasgow Rangers v. North Lanark.

